

THE
HONEST
Lavvyer.

ACTED
BY
The QUEENES Maiesties
SERVANTS.

WRITTEN
By S. S.

*lenis esse videtur
Fabula, quae posci vultur et spectare homines*



LONDON,
Printed by George Purston for Richard Woodruffe, and are to be
sold at the great North-dore of Paules, at the
signe of the guilded Key.

1616.

THE
HONEST

LAVAGE.

ACTED

BY

THE OVERSEES, MANAGER

SERVANTS.

WRITTEN

By S. S.

Printed, and sold by the Author,
at the Sign of the Anchor, in the Strand.

London.

Printed by George Thompson for Richard Woodcock, and are to be
sold at the Great North door of Pauls, at the

Sign of the Anchor, in the Strand.

1718.



THE HONEST LAWYER.

Act. Prim.

Enter Vaster weapon'd.

A Cuckold? why now 't is a common name,
As the shee-Gossips are that giue it vs.
Why doth it not deuiue, and spread it selfe,
To all the generations we produce?
Why shoule not every child of mine be call'd
Cuckold, as well as *Vaster*? Woman, woman!
Thou sad vnder of the fairest building,
That euer earth bragg'd to be pauement to,
Man, Man, the pride of heauens creation,
Abstract of Nature, that in his small volume
Containes the whole worlds Text, and heauens impression:
His Makers Image, Angels mate, Earths great wonder,
Made to guide all, by woman is brought vnder.
That harmonic, faire Nature made to stand,
Is forced out of tune by womans hand.
A woman hath deform'd me. See, I looke
Like any beast has hornes: an Ass may boast
Himselfe a horne-lesse Gentleman before me.
Yet let not clouds of passion choke my reason.
Why? what's a Cuckold? let's see: define him:
It is a man, whose wife playes the whore. Z'lid, what's that to
him? It is all one, as if a proper Gentleman should ride on a hal-
ting Iade; or a good Musician play on a broken fiddle. Oh but
't will be layd: Woman could not be so light a shippe, if her hus-
band could well ballast her. It is his insufficiencie. A poxe it is.

Had the ~~Honorable~~ to her husband, thee would enter the listes with
some crinkle-hamm'd tiring Courtier. Well then,
I see no reason, that a womans euill,
Should thus transforme man to a horned deuill,
No: 'twas ~~Adams~~ lusts, and not his wife,
That so bestagg'd him. Hence sprouts al my shame.
Fuller of truth then age, this rule hath beene :
"Nothing deformes a man, but his owne sinne.

Enter Robert Vaster.

Rob. Sir, my mother prayses ---

Vast. No more of her. Her prayers
Are putrid sacrifices : like foule ayres,
Too thicke to mount vp to yon glorious feeling.

"When blacke hands are rear'd vp, heauen has no feeling.

Rob. She is your wife, my mother, Sir.

Vast. What then Sir?

Rob. Nothing, but that you wrong her, o my conscience.

Vast. Oh tis a braue Puritan-world, when boyes take of con-
science! Conscience must lye at the stake, when they play but at
blow-point. Sirrah, as you loue your Conscience, hate a wife. Zlid,
if I thought thou wouldst marry, I would vnlesse thee, as I haue
disinherited thee already. Get bastards, as I would ha' got thee. A
woman may serue to lye withal : none good enough to marry.

Rob. Oh were you not my father, I would let
This passion out of your impostum'd heart ---

Why should not I forget, that your blood moues

In any veines of mine; when you forgoe

The reason of a father, husband, man?

And sticke degeneration on your name?

If I sayle ill, know your example steer'd

My voyage and my vessell. Fathers are more

Then priuate men : their liues are the set copies.

Their children write by; and should there giue

Their imitation patternes how to liue.

Hell's a sad place, they say: --- Oh, Ile dare neuer

To follow my owne father leading thither.

Vast. Sirra, call your mother. This boy's a Puritan.

Exit Rob.

I that

Be thy reward proportion'd. I must hence.
Whiles thou wast good, to thee I had free desire.
Now thou art proud a whore, receaue thy hire.

Wife. Take place, thou tyrant will. Thicke woes here houer.
My state is lower then fate can recouer.
My obedience waits your pleasure.

Vast. Hoh, within there.

Enter Mistresse Marre-maide, Bawd.

Aunt Marre-maid. I haue brought you the girl
I promisd. Is the mony ready?

Marm. By that little honesty I haue to sweare by; a handsome
wench. I must pay fiftie pound for her: but if she were as yong, as
faire, I would get five hundred pound by her within this moneth.

Vast. Aunt, pray use her well; she's my owne sister.
Be petulat you whore, sprightly, frolick--as a Dutch Tanikin.--or--
---This woman is a Bawd, a very Bawd; you like her the better for
that. Come, skippe about, quicke siluer: Dancelike a Curtesfan, or
Ile fiddle ye. You ha more trickes in priuate, then a Fencer can
reach a Lord, or the diuell a Fencer. Life, doe you pule? I must haue
fiftie pound for you: Doe y heare? Let your heeles caper, and your
tongue grow wanton, or by these horns Ile gore you--Aunt, she's
somewhat sicke of that rare disease, cald Modesty. But in priuate
she's more insatiate then a Puritan.

Marm. How old are you, faire sister? *Kast.* Not sixteene.

Wife. About some fixe and fortie.

Vast. Oh you Witch--- Aunt, she lies eight and twentic, at least
Harke ye sister,---

Please this old Hagge, make her beleue y are right,
And answerable to her Stygian spels:

Or I will beare thee to an Armie, and there
Ha thy sod flesh sold, lent, and prostituted,
And my selfe Cuckolded fortie times a day.

Leaue this forc'd sobernesse--- Aunt, will you heare her speake?

Wife. I can skippe lighter then the wanton Doe,
And ierke it through the Dale,
I cannot hold, neither my tongue, nor heeles,
(Nor nailes from scratching out a Leachers eyes)

Sure,

I that had nere lou'd my selfe to be thought good,
Am highly pleas'd to see it in my blood,
From whom deriues this sprigge such fruitfull iuyce,
The father being bad, the mother worse.
Sure, he did sucke this goodnesse from his Nurse.
Poore boy, my riot has vndone thee: poore
Thou'rt made by me, I by a wife turn'd whore.
My state is morgag'd to the vsurous hand
Of Gripe: my goods are wasted: all my hopes life
Breathes thus: hauing sold all, Ile sell my wife.

Enter Vasters wife and Robin.

Y'are welcome, Loosenesse.

Rob. Loosenesse Sir? Oh hell!

She is my mother; pray you, vse her well.

Vast. Be gone. *Rob.* I cannot Sir.

Wife. Good sonne, a way.

A father giues command. *Rob.* I must obey.

Exit Rob.

Vast. Make much of you? I will, I will. Neuer man made
more of his wife, when he sold her to her smocke. Ile sell thy flesh
too Gypsey.

Wife. Deare husband, I am yet cleare: Oh do not you
Force me to sinne, Ile be for euer true.

Vast. True? true to the brothell, to the spittle, to the graue.
Thou art deaths agent: a whore is one of his Beadles.

Wife. Heauen pardon your blacke slanders.

Vast. Come, I'm poore.

Wife. Who made you? *Vast.* Thou, my content, turn'd whore.

Wife. Ile worke, or beg for you.

Vast. No, thou hast wrought
Too much already. Here, here's thy worke. *points to her.*

Wilt thou doe one thing? *Wife.* Any thing.

Vast. Then sweare.

And keepe thy oath. Ile trauell to the warres,

And turne thee vp, as some Captaines wont; and trie,

If thou canst liue by thy old trade, or die.

Wife. Will you forsake me then?

Vast. Yes, and am iust.

Since thou forsook'st me, and thine innocence,

Be

Sure, I am composd most of the nimble elements:
But little water in me, farre lesse earth, some aire,
To keepe me humid, mutable, and tender,
And apt for conuolution: but their mixture
Is scarce discernible, th'are so dispers'd.
For my predominant qualitie is all fire,
Pure, radiant, subtle fire.

Vast. I haue oft seene a couple of light heeles
Carry a sober head: a womans tongue
Reade lectures of ciuilitie; her face
A printed booke, each dimple a sweet line,
That doth to good the Readers eye incline,
Neuer till now a body forc'd to doe,
What the poore mind loaths to consent vnto.
She danceth weeping, laughes and sighes in paine.
So I haue seene (me thinkes) Sun-shine in raine.

Marm. Enough, I long to imploy her. Cousin, heres the mony.
She's mine. Whats your name?

Vast. Florence. *Marm.* Florence. I like the name well.
Its a good lucky name to make a whore on. You'l stay with me,
Florence.

Wife. Till you are weary of me, Ile but take leaue of my brother,
and follow you. *Exit Marmaid.*

Vast. What with me? *Wife.* Am I not worthy of one kisse?

Vast. There--- now be gone.

Wife. Be gone? Death could not speake a word more fatall.
Yet one more--- so now farewell---

Vniust--vnkind-- my woe-diuning heart.

By this we first embrac'd, by this we part.

Exit Wife.

Vast. I am a villaine, but she makes me weepe.

Why doe I thinke she's false? I neuer saw't.

Tut, all bells ring that tune. It is too true.

I told her that this fiftie pound should carry me to the warres;

But I haue a battle to fight ere I goe.

Old Gripe that has the morgage of my lands,

Lies sicke of the Goute, and seldome stirres abroad.

Some of that race Ile kill, or leaue my owne life

In pawne I would haue done't. I ha' chalenged

Beniamin Gripe the sonne whom the world calls
The Honest Lawyer. He comes.

Enter Beniamin Gripe.

Yare the sonne of a villaine.

Ben. If I were I could not helpe it.

Vast. Thy selfe's a villaine. *Ben.* Its a ranke lie.

Vast. Lie? Thou exasperatst

One mad already, that would haue hazard heauen
To make this earth drunke with thy blood.

Ben. Its deare, so bought. Twil not redeeme your soule.
Say, with deepe sluces, all these liuely springs,
That runne through the soft channels of my veines,
Should be exhaust by thee, or thine by me,
And burning malice should be quencht in blood:
He that speeds best, wins what he should abhorre,
And glories to be curst a conqueror.

Vast. Let Sophisters alone with these distinctions.
Our moderators are our swords: the question,
That calls vs forth, as warlike disputants
Beyond decision of the gowne-furr'd peace.
Draw then thy argument, and let's talke indeed.
We cannot reason soundly, till we bleed.

Ben. Let's thinke the tearmes, on which we venture blood.
Th' effects are waighty, let the cause be good.

Vast. Thy father hath vndone me, and mine issue.
The law affords no succour: what remaines,
But onely to let him bleed through thy vaines?

Ben. How haue I wrongd thee?

Vast. Aske no more. The State
Of our strife is, thou art his Sonne, I hate.

Ben. No helpe? let fury arbitrate the rest.
This passion must but center in one brest.
Yet let's embrace, and pardon; and euen loue.
In hate. O suffer not the dying blood
To preiudice the sad suruiours good.

They fight.

Enter Curfew the Abbot.

Curf. What vnexpected clangor frights the peace

OF

Of my delighted solitary walkes?
What sonnes of mischiefe in their fury tread
These ynfrequented pathes? -- stay-- hold.
My sonnes, heare age but speake; wisdome is old.

Vast. Peace, Dotard.

Curf. On my knees, which doubling age
Hath scarce left able to support my corps:
By the remaining teares of fortie yeares
Spent in this penitentiall order: the last drops,
The drying hand of age hath left to dew
This witherd garden: I implore--beseech.

Vast. Father, you speake to rocks, or the surd waues.

Curf. Then on this innocent bosome turn your swords,
And ease a weake soule of her tedious portage,
Some houre before her time. O do not flie me.
Let the few drops of my slow-pacing blood,
That stands in my cold channels, expiate yours.
Oh let a falling trunke redeeme two plants.
No remedie? let me exclaime for helpe.

fight still.

(The diuell part you:) if I should now ha'paid for
my charitie--well: twas this Church-coate that sau'd me.

Exit crying helpe.

Vast. Oh thou hast flaine me: hold thy conquering hand.
Heauens, you are too iust pay-masters. Thy sword,
With a fate-sign'd direction, hath cut short
My hoped fortunes in a longer breath.

But I forgiue thee. Flie--stay.

I haue two Orphans in this houre depriu'd
Of a bad Parent. For their mother---nothing.
She has a trade to liue on. O let my dying breath
Beg this one mercie at thy bloud-staind hands:
Relceue them with now thine, once their owne lands.

Ben. Forgiue my deed, and by that mercie, I
Depend on for my sinnes; my mercy shall
Raife vp the children for the fathers fall. Farewell.

Vast. He's gone. Now vp againe. My wounds
Are slight, yet through their windows, heare I breath
Out all my malice. Noble youth, I loue thee.

Exit Ben.

How little of thy father hast thou in thee!
Now for some strange disguise, till time I find,
To pleasure him that was to me thus kind.

Exit.

Enter Valentine.

Valen. Well, I see there's no liuing in London. The foure winds haue conspirde to blow all the villany of the world thither. When I returnd from my short trauell, I inquir'd, for the knot of my old companions. But like an old Ladie, that has much yfd painting, how suddenly are they broken! I heard of three or foure in Bedlam. Fiue or sixe in Bridewell. Halfe a score ith'Counter. a whole dozen at Tyburne. But Oh, numbers, numbers, vnder the hands of Barber-Surgions. Some turnd Squires to a Brothell. Others walke New-gate lane. Some cheating in Ordinaries. Others prigging in crowds. And the rest, either swomme ouer sea, or drownd vpon a hill. Well, I do not like these proceedings; there bee so many rubbes. I could now begge in Dutch, but its no speeding language. Now my villanie failes on the sea, Ile trie what cheates the land has to worke on. I learn'd some scruie medicins of our Surgion of the ship: & had no sooner set vp my bills in Bedford here; but a Goutie cure comes halting to mee. Fifty pounds I must haue to heale him. Fiue and twentie I haue in pawne: for the rest, Ile leaue it with the next Quacksaluer, that with more skill shall doe him as little good.

Enter Gripe halting, Nice and Thirsty.

Grip. Cousin *Nice*, and my man *Thirsty*.

Thirst. Shall I fetch you some drinke, Sir?

Grip. No. Thy mind runs all oth' pot.

Thirst. So't had need, for you keepe mee *Thirsty*, spight o'my teeth.

Gripe. Goe you two to the vnder-Sheriffe; and bid him by vertue of this morgage, giue you possession of *Vasters* lands. The beggerly slaue has broken with me, and Ile take the forfeit. Go quicke, quicke. I will not lose an houre.

Nic. Ile but goe to the Church for a little holy-water---

Grip. Be drownd in holy-water.

Nic. No, but a little sprinkled Sir, We shall haue the better successe in our businesse.

Grip.

Grip. I pree thee good *Nice*, dispatch, dispatch.

Thir. I, come, come master *Nice*. There's good licour ith'house. You may sprinkle your throte with that. Its better then holy-water.

Nic. One thing Sir. I do not like going to day. Sure tis not a luckie time. For the first Crow I heard this morning, cryed twice. This Euen, Sir, is no good number.

Grip. Poxe o' Crowes and numbers. If thou hadst giuen her a peece of carrion, she would ha' cryed againe. Away.

Nic. I go, Sir---stay, what if there be a Rauens about the ground? Shall we then take possession? Oh tis an vnluckie bird.

Grip. Why, let her croke the downfall of his house. Whats that to me? prethee good *Nice* make haste.

Nic. Nay, too much haste will make one stumble: and thats no good signe.

Grip. Now, *Valentine*, Hast all things ready? how now---again?

Nic. A toy comes in my head.

Valen. Poxe o' that head: more toyes yet?

Ni. How if a Catte sits on the Buttry hatch? Thou we'lt proceed no further. My Grandam told me that a Cat sitting on the hatch, was an ill signe.

Grip. Mew. Beate her off, dash out her braines. Good *Nice* be not so curious.

Ni. Oh Sir, it's good doubting the worst. *Exeunt Nice. Thir.*

Grip. Are all things ready, *Valentine*? this foole troubles mee worse then the gowte.

Val. Sir, the remedie is verie painfull. I could giue a tedious course of physicke, worse then any sicknesse. Keepe you fasting fixeene dayes together, saue the dyet I giue you. Binde you to the post of patience euery day tenne houres; and haue one still poure scaulding water on you: purge your very heart out: send your eyes out of their holes, to see how your feete doe: make your guttes barke worse, then an hundred dogges at a beare-bayting. But my medicine is sharpe and short, but passing sure. Sir, there be foure kindes of gowte.

Gripe. No more of kinds. There's no gowte kind to any man, I thinke, but to Physicians. Your remedy short-short.

Val. Sir, nothing : specially of no cost. Do y^e see this ten-penny naile?

Gripe. Yes : What of that?

Val. This naile I must driue through your great toe.

Gripe. What? through the bone? *Val.* Yes, bone & flesh too.

Gripe. Oh-oh-giue me my money. This medicine's worse then any gowte. Oh good *Valentine*, your tent's too long -- too long.

Val. Then sit and rot : be rack'd still, Ile be gone.

Gripe. Nay, good *Valentine* : would not a fixe-penny naile serue?

Val. You'l be Physician, will you? If you'l sit downe and be cur'd, so : if not, farewell.

Gripe. Nay, good *Valentine* : --euen do thy will.

Val. Endure it manfully. It's but a brunt——so. *(nailes him.)* You shall sit but a quarter of an houre, till I ha' been at the Apothecaries, and then Ile loose you. Now farewell, gowty foole, Thou took'st no purge, yet hast a most sharpe stoole.

Pray heauens, this kill him not. Well, let him sit. *(he takes away his purse with his keis)* And this shal go with me. I pray S^r take your ease. This plot has tooke; try if some new may hit. *Exit Val.*

Gripe. Come-come-*Valentine*. Oh-neuer was man so farre in my bonds, as I am in this Physicians. H'has nayl'd me to him. That euery whore in London, were but i' my case now.

Why *Valentine*—— *Enter Nicepanting. Thirsty.*

Oh he's come. How now? are you return'd? where's my morgage? out Villaines, where's my morgage? Oh my toe -- oh my morgage. I'm vndone.

Thirst. Me thinkes you are too fast, Sir.

Ni. Plague o' you and your morgage. Oh my heart - it beats so, that it has broke my buttons. I would not bee so frighted againe to be made your heire. puffe.

Gripe. What's the newes *Thirsty*? what, what, good *Thirsty*?

Thir. Let me vndoe you Master.

Gripe. No, not till I heare of my morgage. What's the matter? oh--

Ni. The matter? I would not ha' such another crosse, for all the crosses i' your purse.

Gripe. What? oh-- what? Is my morgage safe? Hath the vnder-Sheriffe done a miracle, and playd the honest man? what good *Thirsty*?

Thirsty

Thirst. Nothing Sir, but a Hare crols d^{id} in the way; and mee, poore timorous soule, durst goe no further for feare of sprights.

Grip. Oh rogues, pernicious villains, you conspire to couzen me: get out the naile, *Thirsty*. Hares, and Rauens, and Diuels.

Enter Benjamin.

Ben. Who has abus'd you thus Sir? could you be so credulous, t^o thinke this a receyte good for the Gout? Sir, giue me leaue to helpe you.

Grip. Do, good *Ben.* but not in this, *Ben.* not in this. Oh my morgage man, my morgage--run. I shall lose a dayes fruits of my morgage.

Ben. Come Sir, respect your health about your gaine. I would not for your wealth haue halfe your paine. *looseth him.*
Go in Sir, get some broth, looke to your wound.
Your morgage leaue to me, Ile keepe that sound.

Grip. Take my cousin *Nice* with you. Come *Thirsty*, helpe *Thirsty*.

Ben. Now for some cleanly tricke to shift my hands *(Exit.*
Of this same shallow superstitious foole.

Now couzen, I am sure you are not without an *Erra Pater* i' your pocket. They say this is like to be a very strange yeare.

Nice. Most strange, and full of preposterous, prodigious, turbulent, dismall, fatall, amazing, terrifying--

Ben. Blesse vs. What?

Nic. Wonders. The effects whereof wil appeare in risings, partly biformed, and partly circular, on mens foreheads, and womens mountaines.

Ben. Is there no sad mortality to ensue?

Ni. Yes, my Almanacke speakes of a most fearefull pestilence, especially to happen amongst Taylors and Gold-end-men. Ther's a statute-lace shall vndoe them ifayth. A Taylours Bill shal be no more so deadly as the plagues.

Ben. Sirrah *Nice*, I had a dreame to night.

Nic. Passion o'my heart! a dreame? what? I do not like these dreames.

Ben. Ile tell thee what. Me thought, my troubled fancie
Led me into a Garden proudlo deckt
With Natures glory, and the sweetest flowers.

That

That ere my breath lack'd vp : where the greene grasse
Tempted my sleepey spirits to soft repose.
There came, me thought, a friend (dead now long since)
And shooke me by the hand, and question'd me
Of many sad euent, whose conference
So vex'd me that I woke. Why stand'st amaz'd?
Thou wilt not leaue me Coz.

Nic. Yes, and you were ten Cousins. Dreame of a garden, and
greene rushes, and a dead friends salutation? Cousin, make your
will, be rul'd and make your will : you cannot liue.

Ben. Wilt thou be a foole of fate? who can
Preuent the destinie decreed for man? Ile on.

Nic. So will not I. Good Coz, I leaue you to your destinie.
The next newes I heare, the Lawyer's a dead man. Dreames
quoth a ! and he will not belecue a dreame, he's an Infidell. One
night I dream't that I found gold at a play. Next day I came thi-
ther, flatter'd with these hopes. Zld, before the *Prologue* had
done, I had lost my purse.

Coz if you ha' no faith in dreames, farewell.

I would not dreame of heauen, lest I find hell. *Exit.*

Ben. This charme has cast him off, now to my morgage.

Oh *Vaster*, thou art dead; thy haplesse issue,

Expos'd to the bleake ayre of these cold times.

I haue no meanes to expiate the wrongs,

My cruell Father, and my selfe more bloudy,

Haue done thee, but by charitie to thine,

All the poore pieces that remaine of thee.

So with the plaisters of our broken good,

We hide the wounds, first hauing shed the bloud.

Within there Hoh. *Enter Robert, and Anne Vaster.*

Rob. Thou com'st vpon thy death, infectious issue of the worlds
plague; if thy bloud stained foote enter these dores. Our parents
are from home. Till their returne, Ile keepe possession. Or lose
it with my life.

Ben. Incensed Youth.

Thou fight'st 'gainst power with a sword of straw :

As good cope with the diuell, as with the Law.

Anne. Me thinks, Sir, there should dwell some pittie in your
looke.

Oh

Oh, cast an eye of mercie on the woes,
Of two most wretched Orphans; doubly lost,
First in their Parents miseries: but, oh! most
In their vntimely deaths; for we doubt sore,
We neuer shall behold their faces more.

Ben. My grieffe requites you both.
No matter, had it so pleas'd the high powers,
If that my Father had excused yours.

Ann. Good Sir, forget your strength; and do not triumph ouer
the prostrate fortunes of two wretches,
Expos'd to vnresisted tyrannie.

Behold a Mayden begging on her knee--

Ben. Rise: that's heauens due. These armes now thee intwine,
That wish for euer, to be called thine:

A strange new influence runs through my affections,
Into my panting heart; and there inthron'd,
Commands my lower faculties to loue
This poore distressed Virgin. I am flam'd
With pittie and affection; whether more!

Yet let my senses some coole reason gather:

What, loue the daughter, and haue slaine the father?

(I must: heauen knowes I must). See, my lov'd friends:

My comming to you is for other ends.

My Farther sent me to inuade your lands.

A while stand free redeemed with my hands.

There's money to relieue you: that done, you shall haue more.

Despaire not: heauen will not forsake the poore.

Rob. Right noble sonne of so profest a foe,
Heauen be as kinde to you, as you t'our woe.

Ben. I burst, if I containe my passion. Fairest Virgin,
If thou dar'st credite me, I loue thee.

Rob. Hold. Here take your kindnes back: Though we are poore,
My sister was not bred to be a whore.
Forbeare to touch her.

Ben. Fond Youth, thy rage is vaine.
Th'art young: thy errour doth thy vertue staine.
I loue her as a wife.

Anne. Oh doe not mock me.

The Honest Lawyer.

How can I thinke, you to such fortunes borne.
Will looke vpon a Mayd, so poore, forlorne?

Ben. Alas! that pouerty should vertue smother.
Not in my brest. No, Ile still honest be:
Vertue in rags are gold's all one to me.
Censure me both, as you shall finde me true,
Ile be your father, and your brother too.

Enter old Gripe brought in a chaire, by Nice and Thirsty.

Grip. So, let me downe, till I haue seene my new morgage.
How now son *Beniamin*, ha' you taken possession?

Ben. Of that you cannot dispossesse me, Sir.

Grip. No knaue? what wilt thou take my lands before I'm dead?
You are a braue son indeed. But this is the world. If the father be
poore, the sonne would be ridde of him, to saue charges. If rich, he
must haue his lands ere his bones be cold.

Thir. They may be cold, for they ha' been rotten these dozen
yeeres.

Nic. I am very hungry. *Thir.* I am very thirsty.

Ni. But dare not eate, because I was dream'd to night of cho-
king.

Ann. Now brother w'are, vndone.

The damned father will peruert the son.

Rob. Gowt, dropsie, lameness, rotten legges can hasten
T'vndoe the poore. Vsurers that sit
Bound to their chaires with charms, & cannot moue
But by their porters, can to ill bestirre them.
He needs make haste, that is at hell before them.

Grip. Ha? for 3. Moneths?

Ben. Indeed Sir, by that power you put me in,
In charity to their miserable state,
Orphan'd of Parents, and of meanes to liue,
I gaue them 3. moneths profite of the lands.

Grip. Out Villaine, Charitie's a begger, as thou wut be. 3. mo-
neths! three weekes, 3. dayes, 3. houres had been more charity,
then euer I shew'd, or will shew to such beggers. Come *Nice*,
Thirsty, list me: Ile take possession my selfe.

Ben. I hope Sir, you'l not nullifie my deed.

Exit Thirsty.

Grip.

Grip. Deed mee no deedes : Ile nullifie thee from being mine heire. Come, helpe me I say.

Nic. Indeed Sir, I dare not lift you against the poore.

Grip. Where's my man *Thirsty* ?

Nic. He's gone in to drinke Sir.

Grip. Oh he's a good knaue : he has got possession ot'h house.

Thir. Of nothing master but the Buttry, I.

Grip. As lame as I am, Ile in my selfe.

Rob. Sit still you lethargie : y' had better drop —

Ben. Containe your selfe, young friend. He is my father,
Let not the warme nest of my loue to you,
Hatch vp encouragement to my fathers wrongs.

Rob. You are my sterne Sir, at your pleasure guide
This tempest-beaten vessell.

Ben. Good Sir confirme
This worke of pietie, which I presum'd,
On faith of your good nature to afford.

Grip. Sirrah, your good nature will bring you to th' Almes-
house. Thou shalt not inherit a doyt of mine. And for you two
Kitlins, Ile make you mew ith Iayle, and there be any law in Eng-
land. So this chafing fit hath got me the vse of my legges againe.
Oh excellent Surgion ; would thou wert here againe, for the other
25. pounds.

Ben. Strange ! that same Quack-saluer has done him good, a-
gainst his will. How fare you Sir ?

Grip. The worse for thee Bastard. Th' hast too much charitie in
thee to be the sonne of old *Gripe*.

Ann. Deare brother, yeeld possession : wee 'l begge rather,
Then this our worthy friend should lose his father.

Rob. Sir, be not so incens'd : resume your sonne
Into your former loue, and I resigne
All right, that his free promise hath made mine.

Grip. Come then, *Nice*, *Thirsty*. Oh braue Surgion, I can goe.
Oh braue morgage I can enter.

Exit.

Nic. M. *Beniamin*, a sober word in priuate. If this wench want
harbour, I care not if I giue her a nights lodging.

Ben. I haue inuited her with her brother to supper this night.
Will you —

Nic. Oh it's Fry-day, and I know you haue flesh.

Ben. Thou wouldst take her any night. Is she not flesh?

Nic. Sweet Cousin, I would not eate her. If you please to commend me to her: let me see, for what -- I leaue that to you. *Exit.*

Ben. Goe in, let me alone. This petulant foole
Shall be my scaffold to erect my plots.

Come, friends, vnload your sorrowes on my heart.

Griefes weight is eas'd, when each one beares his part.

Act. Second.

Enter Cursew Abbots.

Curs. **T**Hus am I stolne out from the Couent. Abbot,
Ly there, thou happy warranted case
Of any Villaine. Th'hast been my stawking-horse,
Now these ten months. So long 'tis since the Abbot
Went on a solemne pilgrimage and left
My brother, a good honest Fryer, his friend
Deputed for him. But my brother scarce
Warmed in his new vice-honour, walking out
To visite me one morning, at my house
Fell dead of an impostume suddenly.
I bury'd him in private; but from's bloud
Am purer then the Crystill. Studying now,
How to turne sorrow into policie,
I haue assum'd his shape. Who can deny,
But that a Dunce may rise to Dignitie?
Blind Ignorance doth not alwaies strut in Sattin.
It often walkes a Clergy pace in blacke,
And deales the holy Rites with as bold hands,
As if it grasp'd *Ioues* thunder: and did iudge it
Enough to stare, looke bigge, and with a brow
More rugged then is *Radamanth's*, denounce
Terrors against ill deeds: the whiles their owne
Are not lesse monstrous, but lesse broadly showne.
Thus in my selfe, how easie 't is, I proue,
To sweat out iudgements 'gainst the sins we loue.

As

As if a garment of world-couzning grace
Were impudently good, set out by place.

Well, I get nothing by this borrow'd forme,
But countnance to my thefts. This hollow tree
Keeps all my holinesse: Lie there Abbot, till
My worke is done, then doe thou hide my ill.

Enter Valentine gallant.

Masse heres comes one already.

Valent. Now haue I, like a Parasite, couerd my backe with
braines. Out of my vsurers Gowtie toe, I haue spun a faire suite. I
would faine heare, whether the diuell be dead or no. Yet I need not
be so inquisitiue, for I'm sure he has giue me nothing in'swill. Now
am I in quest of some vaulting house. I would faine spend these
crownes, as I got them, in cony-catching. I ha' the game in sent, &
will follow it with full cry.

Curf. Stand --- Giue the word.

Val. Word? what word? am I beleaguerd?

Curf. Few words are best among friends. Emptie your pockets,
and you may vault the lighter. *Quicke.*

Val. Th'art an honest fellow, a very honest fellow. In good faith
I had no great need of mony; but since thou hast brought me some,
Ile not refuse it.

Curf. Troth, I ha' but a little.

Val. Faith nor I. we'll euen draw cuts, who shall ha' both.

Curf. Agreed. --- Shall we breathe? *fight.*

Val. Good fortune grant, you be able to pay me for this paines.
In sadnes, I deserue double fees.

Curf. Ile make you plead harder, ere you sit downe to tell your
money.

Val. Looke that your case be good, I shall picke a hole in't else.

Curf. Well, let the law passe.

Val. Not altogether so: lest we be both hange. --- *fight.*
Stand your ground. Zlid, I cannot abide these running Cockes.

Curf. I haue seene a runner winne the battell. --- Shall wee
draw stakes?

Val. Ha? a match. -- Throw by weapons, and lets embrace.

Curf. I am a villaine, but I feare your clutch worse then a Seriants.

Val. As I'm true theefe, thou maist trust me. Ha sirrah!

Robin Hood, and the *Pindar* of Wakefield had not a stiffer bout,
Shall we cling, like a couple of Eeles, not to bee dissolu'd but by
Thunder?

Curf. Most liberally. Let's set vp shop together.

Enter Vaster disguisd.

Val. Done: & to begin our trade, behold a customer. Stand close.

Vast. This russet-shape of a plaine-dealing yeoman
Spirits way hopes with boldnesse. Sharpe suspicion
Like to a winking Iusticer shall see me,
And yet not see me. Thus with grieve-swolne eyes,
Ile match my wife, and childrens miseries.
This fiftie pound Ile husband like a Badger;
Buy and sell Barley: and so easily wind
Into the present passages of Bedford.
How good a schoolemaster is Pouertie!
I could not liue on hundreds, that came in
By annual rents; now I begin to thriue
On the small fragments. Thus like Prodigals,
That once did scorne the meate, now glad of pottage.
The mannor gone, Ile trie to liue oth' cottage.
Bedford, ha' for you.

Curf. Stand. Giue the word.

Vast. The word, y'are a theefe.

Val. You might ha' shot twice, and not hit it righter.

Vast. What do you shoot at?

Curf. Oh Sir, like your Iesuite, all at the purse.

Val. Will you cast out the diuell, and saue's a coniuring.

Vast. Are you so cunning at the blacke Art? Ile trie your skill.
What, both at once? that's no faire play.

Curf. Faire play is for Fencers. Yet thou seemst a good fellow.
Thou shalt haue it. Stand aside, partner.

Vast. Saist thou me so, boy? then there's mony, win't and wear't.
Fight.

Val. Now could I get in and rob 'hem both--- *Hercules!* Hee
laies about him like *Orlando Furioso*, or a coward turnd desperate.
Braue boy yfaith. Wee might ha' robd two and twenty Taffara-
clok'd rorers, before this freeze-iacket. Oh, your surly Bore is like

The Honest Lawyer.

a bloudy'd Mastiffe: when your spruce Pantaloun bawles like a whelp in a Tauerne: yet at the sight of cold yron runs, as if he had scene a Serieant.

Curf. Hold, hold: Keepe your cash.

Vast. The mony's good mony Sir, if it be not too heauy for you

Curf. Nay, for the weight I could make shift, but for the scuruý conditions goe with it.

Vast. Hau you any gall to't Sir?

Val. Not not so much as pigeon. Put vp thy cash my braue quintessence of Hobbnols. Giue me thy hand. How many thousand cudgels hast thou broken i'thy daies about a May-pole?

Curf. I warrant, as many as would make all Bedford chimnies smoke a whole winter.

Vast. Iest on. Ha' you any more to say to me.

Curf. Nothing my braue *Clem* o'th *Clough*, but I would thou wouldst deale with vs. Say, shall wee put all our stockes together, and set out a ship of our owne?

Vast. Ha? first tell me truly what you are.

Curf. Agreed. Let's sit downe to counsell. I am the Abbot of Newnham.

Vast. How? much?

Curf. Ilc not bate you an Ace on't, till the old Abbot retournes from Pilgrimage. My chamber shall be our Randeuous. The diuell himselfe in the shape of a blurting Constable wil not looke for vs there.

Val. I am a souldiour, and in this vacation time am forc'd to do like Lawyers; when suites do not make them, they make suites: because the warres will not maintaine me, I maintaine the warres. I set vp my Bills in Bedford here, for a Physician, and dealt with *Gripe* for the Gowt. I haue a proiect to swell our purses till they burst. Will you second me?

Vast. As inseparably, as a condition does an obligation.

Val. I haue often heard the gripulous Dotard talke of Fairies: and how rich the house proues that they haunt. I haue ripened the blister of his imagination to the full. Shall we launce it? I haue keys that shall secure our conueyance. Is't a match?

Vast. The safest stratagem we could deuise,
By craft, more then by strength, all theeués do rise.

Of:

Of many politicke knaues you cannot spie one.
The Foxe will haue his prey before the Lion.

Val. Two or three nights we'le scatter some small peeces of sil-
uer, till opportunitie plumpe our proiect.

Curf. I take it rightly. Oh tis quicke and sharpe.
So with a Gudgeon lost, we'll catch a Carpe. A bootie.

Enter Griffin, Sager, Bromley.

Griff. As I was saying, Master *Bromley*, why should you take th'
advantage of your neighbour *Sager* here? Y'haue got the reuer-
sion of his Lease. Ther's is but one life to come in't. Wee are all
mortall. It may come ere you looke for't. I loue peace, I loue peace.

Brom. I say, that life is forfeit: and Ile enter on all. The law is on
my side. Ile not be bound to th'peace.

Griff. Nay Sir, Ile bind no man: but if I could perswade you---
to be fleeced both, so I might be kept warme in your wooll---How
say you neighbour *Sager*?

Sag. Alas Sir, I do but defend my owne.
Nay could be wel-contented to sit downe
With some (though vniust) losse. I iudge it best.
Though with some preiudice to buy my rest.

Griff. Therein you wrong your selfe: the law is impartiall, like a
Bell, as sound on one side, as on th'other, if the clapper be right.
Master *Bromley* a word---What will you iudge me worthy of, If I
perswade him to relinquish his right? You know your case---

Brom. Here's twenty angels: worke it good Master *Griffin*, work
it; and you shall be my everlasting Attorney. But if you faile, you
must returne.

Griff. Pish, neuer talke o' that man---Mr. *Sager*, a word--I loue
peace, though I cannot liue by't. I respect my conscience about my
purse---when t'has no money in't.---What will you giue mee to
draw *Bromley* to a good handsome composition?

Sag. Not a pennie, till y'haue done't.

Griff. You know twill go against you, but I loue peace.

Sag. (I neuer knew't in any of your Tribe.
Th'euent be what it will, Ile giue no bribe.)

Sir, as I like your end---God and my cause,
Are coate of Steele, gainst the sharpe fangs of lawes.

Grif.

Grif. Shall we walke on? our iourney's long.

Curf. Not so long as you take't. Stand, good Mr. Lawyer, shall I puta case to you now?

Val. Come, vntrusse, we haue haft of businesse?

Curf. Quicke sirrah, I shall serue an Execution o' your throte else

Grif. Indeed Gentlemē, I am sorry that I'm not better stored for you. If you had tooke me comming from terme, I could haue serued your turnes better.

Valen. Bind them, hamper the rogues. Serue a *Habeas corpus* on that *fieri facies*.

Curf. How happy were this common wealth! how sound!
If euery corrupt Lawyers fingers were thus bound.

Vast. Sager, I know thee poore: here take thy purse.
Though I rob these, no poore man shall me curse.

Val. Tarry till I lay the Lawyer in the midst of his clients.
Are your talons bound *Harpy*? Thou liest now like a Stallion new gelt, betwixt two Mares. This is a *Distringis*, sirrah.
Farewell pettie-fogger. *Secedunt fures.*

Grif. Oh neighbours, I am vndone, vndone.

Brom. Then helpe to vndoe me. Ile haue my action against the Rogues.

Sag. Stay till you catch them master *Bromley*.
Well, somewhat this my falling state releecues:
That honesty speeds well euen amongst theeues

Brom. Helpe, helpe. Good master *Griffin*, your breath's strongest, yawle, yawle. Your tongue could neuer stand your Clients in more stead.

Enter Vasters wife.

Wife. I heard this way some mans distressed voyce,
Crying for helpe: some robbery. Oh tis no wonder!
A theefe and bawdy house are ne're farre asunder.

Grif. Oh good woman helpe, helpe to vntie vs.
Wif. I know 'hem all. Two knaues, one honest man.
They know not me in this translation.

Come Sir, Ile loose you first, helpe you the rest.
Do well to all, but to the good do best.

Grif. Oh that I had the villaines vpon an execution now.

D

Wife.

Wife. Would you turne hang-man, Sir?
Grip. I faith sweet wench, I would shew hem the law.

Wife. Oh pitie them: necessitie has no law.
Perhaps want forc'd them; though it was not good.
What Horseleaches are they, that full, sucke blood!
There is an Inne, enter, refresh your selues.
Their losse is money, yet I mone their state.
Who pities me most, most vnfortunate!

Exeunt.

Robd of a husbands loue, now of himselfe.
How farre is this beyond all losse of pelfe!
He sold me hither; may that sinfull price
Of my deepe sorrow neuer preiudice
His happinesse, what climate euer holds him.
Be blest, sweet husband; let my ruine buy
Thy wishd content, though I forsaken die.

This witch has tyr'd me with her customers,
Whom I haue all sent home with berterd minds.
Against her vicious will, I force her striue
By vertue rather, then by lust to thriue.
I know, I am expected.

Exit.

Curf. The lackes be now vncag'd, and flutterd hence.

Val. (The woman, that releas'd them, I should know,
She frees them from this bondage to a worse.
There is no theefe, like whore, to picke the purse.)

Val. Shall we not shift ground?

Curf. By no meanes. A theefes safest residence is in the same plat
he did the robberie. There, of all places, the Cuckoldly hue will ne-
uer crie after him.

Val. When shall we share the booties, and be proud,
How liberally our diuision mounts?

Curf. The daies worke done, we'l cast vp the accounts.

Val. Where's the pettie-foggers Portmanteau? *Curf.* Here.

Val. Lay't there. So, you shall see me catch a fat Pickerell, with
this Gudgeon presently. Stand close.

Enter old Gripe, Nice, Thirsty.

Nic. Vncle, vncle, I had a certaine scuruy dreame to night.

Grip. Dreame? what of dreames? good cousin be not so nice.

Nic. I dreamt--- *Grip.* Be hang'd.

Nic.

The Honest Lawyer.

Nic. Be you hang'd, Vncle.

Thirst. Behang'd both, except I may haue some drinke.

Nic. Me thought I found a great deale of money.

Gripe. I would we had it, cousin, without dreaming.

Thirst. Whoop master-- no part of my finding. *takes up the*

Grip. No matter for a part : all's mine. *Portmanteau*

Nic. Nay, all's mine for dreaming.

Thirst. Nay, all's mine for finding: and Ile keep't.

Val. Soft, firrah : it lies there for a wager.

Nic. What wager, Sir?

Val. Marry, that who euer finds it, shall loose all the money in's purse.

Nic. Ile not meddle with it.

Grip. Ile ha' no part in't.

Val. Iudgement, Gentlemen: ha' they not lost the wager?

Curf. Vast. Lost, lost; as sure as Virginitie; no sooner laid then lost.

Val. Come then to pay, to pay. (Sure this is *Gripe*, my Bedford-Gowtie-Vsurer. Plague o' your stilts; what Carpenter set 'hem vp-right? not my wimble, I hope.

Nic. Oh I am spoyld, spoyld; this tis to dreame of finding money-- I knew, what it would come to.

Thirst. Saue your labour, good master Theefe : for my breeches are ith' fashion, a great deale of pocket, but no lining.

Vast. This is the rocke that split me. Oh good fate!
That thou hadst now about thee halfe my state.
Is't sinne to rob the Theefe? by vsurious course,
He once robd me, now I rob him by force.
No difference but this, twixt him and me.
I ha' not such protection, as had he.

Grip. Oh I am a poore man, a verie poore man.

Vast. Thou art indeed; wealth without vse doth free
No soule from the bleake stormes of pouertie.
Who cannot natures requests satisfie
Out of his wealth, his coffer's rich, not he.

Val. Be they all bound to the good forberance?

Vast. Thus farre quits my reuenge. The Vsurer lies,
As fast in mine, as I am in his eyes.
Now let me kill him. No, blood shall not die

The Honest Lawyer.

My other finnes in purple. Lye there. Loe!
That the wise lawe would serue all vsurers so.
How few in thy bonds didst thou ere vntie?
Now bound thy selfe, so without mercy lie.

Curf. Come, let's retire to our refuge.

Scedunt.

Nic. Vncle, vncle, I would this all were but a dreame too.

Grip. Oh coz, I am damnd, damnd, my mony's gone.

Elstow morgage is lost. Wallow to me, *Nice.*

Nic. Oh vncle, its dangerous tumbling, snakes i' the grasse.

Grip. Wallow to me, *Thirsty.*

Thirst. Master, I'm so drie, I cannot stirre my feet.

Grip. Helpe.——

Enter Vasters wife.

Wife. More robberies yet? tis strange, how villains swarme!
Mischiefes hold close to keepe each other warme,
Three ranke corruptions make their neere abode.
An Abby, Bawd'house, and a Thecuish rode.
Where be these men distressed?—how? my Vsurer?
Shall I vnbind him, that hath bound my husband
In mercilesse fetters? Yes, I'm bidden, still,
With good deeds to requite my enemies ill.
Come, diuell, Ile vnlose thee.

Grip. Oh how I'm crost!

My mony, and my morgage, all, all lost.

Nic. Masse, a pretty wench-- If she lay thus bound before mee,
I would not loose her, but vpon some conditions.

Wife. VVill you go in Sir, and refresh your selfe?

Grip. Ile follow thee, sweete girle. Would I could cope
This morgage, though my other be past hope.

Thirst. Doe they brew wine here?

Exeunt

Vast. See how this woman still me quits, and crosses,
I rob and binde, and she releeuces their losses.
Why doth she thus? Its but a tricke of hers:
By charitie to draw in customers.
I am now patient, but more Cuckold still.
I helpe her to supply, gainst my owne will.

Curf.

The Honest Lawyer.

Curf. Shall we retire to my chamber, and share?

Enter Benjamin.

Val. Tarry. Here comes another Jack-daw : let's plucke him, and take his feathers with vs——stand.

Ben. Thou durst not say so, were we on iust tearmes.

Valen. You should bee some Lawyer, you stand so on your termes

Faith, we must change professions with you, you must giue's our fees.

Ben. Youle earne them first?

Val. Braue Sir, so do not Lawyers alwayes.

But when you'r payd your selfe, you'l giue's our due.

Vast. Hold, Gentlemen, this is my friend.

Curf. Thine, noble *Valoys*? thou shalt begge hisransome then.

Vast. Hee stands secure. Hast to your chamber. There Ile meet you presently, and then wee'l share. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Are thy ends good in this giuen libertie?
Or dost it here alone to murder me?

Vast. Not with my sword, but with a tale shall wound thy amazed heart——come, let's sit downe.

Ben. What tale? good friend, be plaine and short.
Woe to a heart, by expectation centuples the smart.

Vast. I haue commendations to you from one *Vaster*:
For by's description you should be the man.

Ben. Liues *Vaster* then?

Vast. 'Las Sir, you know he's dead.
And by your bloody hand was murdered.

Ben. By me?

Vast. Is not your name Sir *Benjamin Gripe*!

Ben. What then?

Vast. You kill'd him, Sir. Poore man he dy'd
With penitence to heauen, to you remission.
Sayd, that you did it like a man, prouok'd
By his intemperate rage. Fate gaue that I
Keeping his walke, came to close vp his eye.

Ben. Heauen pardon me, What sayd the dying *Vaster*?

Vast. He charg'd me seeke you out, and gaue me gold,
To bury him in secret; lest his death
Should hazard yours, and charm'd my silent breath.

Ben. His loue giues fire to my greene pile of sorrowes.
May his bones rest in peace: in griefe I liue;
Lesse he and heauen do my blacke fault forgiue.

Vaster. He hath forgiuen you, only this he begges;
That to the scatter'd pieces of himselfe,
Left to suruiue his miseries vncomplete,
His Widow and his Orphans, you would yeeld
Some pittie for your owne, heauens, and his sake:
And teach that hand, (from which he hop'd some good)
To succour theirs, that tooke away his blood.
He bad me tell you, now all meanes were gone,
To expiate that sinne, saue only one:
To hold those vp, that on the worlds sea swimme:
Since he had them vndone, you vndone him.
That you would be to them, as he should be:
This he bequeath'd you as a Legacie.

Ben. Ile be a iust Executor of his will.
Good friend, great thanks: my purse th'haft spar'd to ceaze:
But what is worse, hast robb'd me of my peace.

Vaster, th'art dead: if thy transformed soule,
Could from the battlements of yon high Tower,
Behold the vow'd endeouours of my heart,
To satisfie thy will and my huge debt,
In thee, to thine, thou wouldst my merit set
Mongst thy best friends: yet narrow are my bounds;
To giue them plaisters, that first gaue them wounds.

Vast. Fatewell Sir, thinke on *Vaster.* *Exit.*

Ben. Friend adieu. To *Vaster* and my vowe I will be true.
How thicke the sharpe pulse of my conscience beates!
How strangely my distracted Phantasie threats!
Oh vnappeased murder, that still keepes
The sensitiue committer from fast sleepes:
And murmurs in the eares a fatall knell
Of restless thoughts on earth, of worse in hell,
How deepe thou strik'st me with a silent blow!

Be patient heart, to thy fate humbly bow.
Fetch him againe I cannot; oh his fowne
Is too too mortall. Why then hurl'd I downe
My sinking spirits? Let me flye to mirth,
And burden cares with wine, to make them sinke.
The worlds rule is, Who feels the lode of conscience let him drink,
But oh importunate grieve! too hard it is,
To counterfet a false and forged blisse!
Yet once Ile force a tryall; I haue here an Inne,
I heare and wonder, is turn'd house of sinne.
Ile see, if the loose sprawles, with their sharpe wit,
Can giue my mind a medicine for this fit.
Whores I abhorre, as Gardiners Iayes: no matter;
Once for experiment, Ile heare them chatter.

Enter Vasters Wife.

Preuention! I thinke here 's one of the iourney-women come, to
proffer me her seruice. Black prostitution! that any such face should
euer waite vpon thee. Sister, what seeke you?

Wife. What is hard to find:

An honest man, or els my eyes are blinde.

Ben. Fut, if I say I'm one, I then fall short,
Of the occasion I intend for sport.

I'm such a foole in this *Priapus*-rode.

Mee thinks, sweet-heart, your honest-man should bee one, that
should please your appetite, stirre your veines, tickle your bloud,
and make you laugh delight into your panting spleene.

Wife. An honest diuell.

Th'are friends to hell, that tempt weake soules to euill.

Ben. Come, let me kisse thee——so: this was with ease;
Words are ayry shades, th'are deeds that please.

Wife. Sir, do not thinke to enter my chaste fort,
Encourag'd by this parle. You presume ----

Ben. Not to vnlocke thy treasures with such keyes.
Gold only can surprise such holds as these.
And I haue that will doo 't.

Wife. Then vse it well.
How's wealth abus'd, when it conducts to hell!

Sir,

Sir, I will set no price on your desires.

Ben. Ile be the franker Pay-master.

Wife. You must: Then pay me for my vertue: so Ile take it.
What starues lust, is well bought; not what it feedes.
'Tis follies dregges, with coyne to buy ill deedes.

Ben. Come, come; why should you be so quaint, and nice,
That know what belongs to 't? 'Dsso, a Virgin
At thirteene, or perhaps a little vnder,
Could not with whuling nay's be so peruerse,
In her beworded Mayden-head. *Wif.* I must.

Ben. Thou dost not rightly of my merits deeme.
I would not know you such, as you now seeme.

Ben. The golden footed law, that goes or runs,
Staies, and turnes backe, as we giue motion to it,
Shall step the pafe, which thou would'st haue it. Nay,
Speake as thy tongue instructs it. I will change
Thy pouerty to gold, rich robes, a Coach,
And prauncing Coursers, that shall whirle thee through
The popular streets; and when thou sittest in pride,
The tamed law shall lacquay by thy side.

Wife. These are some incitations to a heart
Tainted with malice, or that thinkes a heauen
In glorious ostentation; or would stand
Affected with the bane of prurient lust.
I'm of another temper. Pray you leaue me.

Ben. Thou shalt *Nectar* drinke:
Make ebrious waste of the sweet Gnosian wines;
Fefants shall be course dyet: refin'd marow,
Small pounded nuts, and losseng'd *Amylum*,
Scrap'd pearle and date-stones sprinkled on each slice,
And strew'd with sugar, like white frost on yce.
Grant me but loue, Ile raine a showre of Gold
Into thy lappe, out-shining *Ioue*, when he
Wrapt in his glory courted *Danae*.

Wife. Thy language does affright me. Oh my starres!

Ben. O let not teares spoile such a beauty. Tell mee; Why spill
you water like a Crockodile, to captiue mee; that might haue
don't with mirth, nimbler then ayre?

Wife

The Honest Lawyer.

Wife. Sir, I haue no desire,
To take your lust, but pittie. Somewhat prompts my credulous
heart, there is some goodnesse in you.

Ben. My truth shall quite thy faith. Impart thy mind.

Wife. Ile trust you, Sir. I am a wretched woman,
The widow or the wife, I know not whether, of the distressed or
dead *Vaster*.

Ben. How? I faint to tell thee; thou art then a widow:
The warres haue ended his infortunate dayes.
Nay, let not griefe oppresse thy spirits. - Oh,
I haue kill'd the wife and husband with one blow.
Lift vp thy frowning eyes.

Wife. Oh let me dye. Rather short death, then lingring miserie.

Ben. Reuiue thy heart: *Vaster* yet liues in me:
I am his sonne, that hath thy husbands lands.

Wife. And can I looke for mercy at your hands?

Ben. Receiue this earnest; all my state is thine.

Wife. You cannot with these spels charme me to sinne.

Ben. I do not: when I taint thy chaster eares
With motions of blacke lust, pronounce me Villaine.
Tell me, who brought you to this Brothell - Inne?

Wife. He, to whom heauen (I trust) hath clear'd all sin.
My *Vaster* sold me hither. I was content.

Thus to relieue his state, when all was spent.

Ben. But couldst thou liue infectlesse in this ayre?

Wife. I haue, and will.

Ben. Will? This giues strange suspicion.

Wife. I made a promise, that without consent
Of her that bought me, I would not depart.

Enter Mar-mayde.

See where th'Inchantresse comes.

Marm. Now minion, you must be gadding. Cry you mercie,
Land-lord: if you'l haue any sport, walke in, walke in. You shall
take out your rent here, Land-lord. She shall be your own Vac-
ation and Terme too, Land-lord.

Ben. So, you pernicious Damme of lusts foule littour,
You that buy beauty and do sell 't againe;

E

And

And liue by th'occupation. Heare you? Free
This woman from your brothell - flauerie.
Or I shall bring you to the cart and lash.

Marm. Oh I am cast away; she cost me fifty pounds,
I ne're got foure grotes by her yet.

Ben. Thou shalt lose more by keeping her. Goe cleanse the
house from this disorder, or I here discharge thee.

Marm. Good Land-lord, bestow her where you will. I am
content to be rid of her, so I may hold your fauour---
Foxe pull your honesty. Is this the dancing mayde?
One more such purchase will vndoe my trade.

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. Hostice, Ostice, wher's your kinswoman?

Marm. Yonder Sir, talking with my Land-lord, your Wor-
ships sonne.

Gripe. Son *Beniamin*? yea faith, are you so close *Exit Mar.*
with a wench? Come hither -- she's a whore. Take heed on her. -
If she want meanes, bring her home: she shall keep my house.
Faith, I grow old, and cannot now long liue:
Oh such a Wench would be restorative.

Perfwade her *Ben.*

Exit Gripe.

Ben. Ile do my best, Sir. See,
The pleased fates consent to succour thee.
My fathers house shall shelter thee vnknowne.
Please the old man with words, but hold your owne.
If my plot takes, as I can hope no lesse,
This lust of his shall thy good fortunes blesse.

Act. Tertius.

Enter Robert Vaster, and Anne.

Rob. **C**OME, sister to my sorrowes, and my selfe.
They say, society in woes doth lighten
Our pressures; but I finde the contrary.
My woes are heauier by thy companie
My grieve for thy distresse, doubles mine owne.
I should be farre lesse wretched, if alone.

Ann.

Ann. Sweet brother, since we must both suffer, thinke it some comfort, that we share an equall fortune.

Griefe has lesse power to worke on our sad hearts ;
Where mutuall loues contend to beare their parts.

Rob. Little once thought thy mother, that thy fate
Should stoope to seruice to relieue thy state :

We are not try'd, but in our miserie.

He is a cunning Coach-man that can turne
Well in a narrow roome. To manage plenty
In a right forme, commends the state, not person.

Hee's blest, that to be rich can giue consent
With honestie, or rest poore with content.

I wonder, *Beniamin* doth not visit vs.

His last reliefe is done : if that spring drye,
We faint for succour, and must fainting dye.

Enter Bromley.

See, here comes *Bromley*, once our fathers Steward : Sure, hee'l
support vs. Sister, try his kindnesse : thy speech is more pathetical.

Brom. Theeues, Lawyers, Rogues, Harlots, and Inne-keepers,
are mens purgations. *Griffin* has cheated mee : tooke twenty an-
gels from me ; theeues tooke 'hem from him. He promis'd to draw
Sager to compound ; now the day's gone against me.

Oh I could wish my nailes turn'd Vultures tallons,
That I might teare their flesh in mammocks, raise
My losses from their carcases turn'd Mummy.

Ann. Good Sir, a word ———

Brom. Now Kitlin, what would you haue ?

Ann. Sir, remember we are the miserable children of lost *Va-*
ster ; whom once you seru'd.

Brom. What's that to me ?

Ann. I hope, Sir, you can spare somewat to vs distressed.

Brom. This is plaine begging. Minion, fall to worke,
And earne supply to wants with diligent labour.
For *Vasters* sake I will not vrge the Statute.

Rob. The Statute, *Iudas* ? w'are no Beggars, though
We try'd thy courtesie. Cursed be thy fate,
Thou from our father gott'st thy whole estate.

Yet grudgeſt vs ſome fragments. Hence, out Dogge:
If thou ſtay'ſt miſcreant——

Brom. Boy, Ile ſpoke you for't.

Rob. Do thy worſt, diuell. An inſatiate worme ſtrike deepe in-
to thy conſcience, file thy heart ſtrings with rubbing frets:
And turne thy derogated name,
On foggy blaſtings of eternall ſhame. *Exit.*

Enter Gripe.

Ingratitude is gone; and in his roome,
Extortion and a fiend is hither come.

Gripe. I'm going to ſee my morgage---

Ann. Good Sir, ſhew mercy on two wretched Orphans.

Gripe. Out beggers, mercie? what doſt talke to me of mercy?
I'm going to let my grounds. I haue no leaſure for mercy.

Rob. Goe thou accursed *Cain*: in miſerie,
When thou begg'ſt mercy, be't as farre from thee.

Ann. Sir, y' haue vndone our Parents; pittie vs.

Gripe. I cannot ſtay to heare you, I haue buſineſſe. *Exit.*

Rob. Heauen be as deafe to thee, when thy foule breath
Shall begge ſome reſpite at thy violent death.

Enter Nice.

This fellow ſure will ſuccour vs.

Nic. *Iune, Iuly, Auguſt, September* --- the firſt day---

Ann. Sir, raiſe our proſtrate fortunes with ſome helpe:
Some little helpe, you know vs.

Nic. Yes, yes, I remember I haue ſcene you. Let's ſee----
The fourteenth day -- bad. I muſt do no deed of charitie to day;
I haue preſident for it. 't is loſt.

Rob. Now I remember, when I went to ſchoole,
I read of one *Veſpaſian* a good Emperour,
That told his Courtiers if a day out-ſlpt him,
Wherein he did not good, that day was loſt.
The next he would redeem't with double coſt.
Ill colour'd ſinne, how ſhamefull doſt thou looke,
In them that plead thy warrant from their booke!

Nic. Fourteenth day. A good turne forgotten. Oh heres lear-
ning from the ſtarres. *Though*

Though I do little good ere I am rotten,
Like citizens, I would not ha't forgotten.
Yet let me study on't: though a man may not giue, he
May buy, I hope without danger. Faire sister,
What shall I giue you for your maiden-head?

Rob. Thus much: a broken head.

Ni. Oh--Oh--Forgiue me, good Calender--I perceiue now, thy
counsel's true. It's an euil day indeed: I should neither haue bought
nor sold on't.

Exi.

Rob. Hence, skie-consulting Gypsie: men commit
Sinnes darke as night, and blame the starres for it.

Enter Sager.

Another passenger--Oh this is *Sager*.
His wife was once a seruant to our mother.
Alas, when these built from our ruinous woe
Relecue vs not, what should this poore man doe.

Sag. I long to heare from London; how my suite
Ends, or depends: if lost, I'm lost with it.
Who would trust any barres this tottring world
Can plot to fortifie our wheeling states!
When the strong dores of Iustice may be broke,
Or lifted from the hinges by the force
Of politike engines: or the safest locke
Be pickt with a false key.

An. Sir, dwels there any mercie in your heart?

Sag. Yes: or of mercy, I must hope no part.
I know yon, and your wants. My wife was once your Parents
seruant.

An. True, but that time is past,
And in her seruice now I would be plac't.

Sag. That were too lauish yeelding to your woe.
I am but poore, troubles haue made me so.
Yet of that small life-blood, which my drencht state
H'as left it by the Lawes sharpe surgerie,
Embrace a portion, as your needs require;

Enter Beniamin.

And I may giue. Here comes your enemies Sonne.

Ben. I haue bene seeking all you three with newes.
Good newes; friend *Sager*, the day's yours.

Sag. It's welcome. I haue the better meanes to succour these.

Ben. You haue preuented my request: I purpos'd
To beg that kindnesse of you. *Robin*, I would
Intreat you to accept my seruice, but
I meane the name of it: for in deed Ile vse thee

As my most equall and respected friend.

Nan, in thine armes I throw and locke my selfe;

My fortunes be all thine: the key's thy loue;

Let this kisse be the seale. Ye sacred powers

Make indissoluble this knot of ours.

Now, master *Sager*, giue her that respect,

You would my wife: all charges are my debt.

Robin, you know the house; conduct your sister thither; that done,
conuey these letters to the widdow *Sorrow*; (that's her borrowed
name) she lies at my fathers.

Rob. With iust hands.

I'm prouder of thy loue, then of thy lands.

Ann. Oh pure quintessence of thy profession.

How many hast thou robd, thus to make vp

Thy perfect godnesse! as if wiser nature

Had made an extract of ten thousand Lawyers,

And thrise refin'd it with immortall fires:

Then set it like a sanctified Lampe

On th'Altar of thy soule; to giue exemplar light,

In the dull darkenesse of this sinne-borne night.

Exeunt.

Ben. *Bromley's* growne mad with rage: I'm iealous of him. You
know the hopes of your posteritie dwell on your present fortunes:
all which burne with the short Taper of your singular life,
Say he should quench it.

Sag. How Sir? murder me?

Ben. I cannot tell, it's but my ielaousie.

Tis not amisse, to keepe preuentions eye

Open and wary. Instruments of death

Stand ready prest to a malicious arme.

And policie, like a cunning Iesuite,

Watches behind the Arras for a call.

The

The Honest Lawyer.

The deed once done, helpe it who can, or shall.

Sag. What ground for this suspicion find your thoughts?

Ben. The fury of his madnesse, Enuies some,
That surges from the poyson'd auarice
Of his swolne heart: his brok en resolutions,
Wherein his traitor-tongue can scarce forbear
The protestation. Giue me leaue to feare.

Sag. What will you counsell me?

Ben. That must be study'd. Thus---
Listen---We'll trie what mischeefes he can warpe:
With wooden wasters learne to play at sharpe.

Exit Sager.

Enter Gripe, Nice, Thirsty.

Grip. Oh my backe, my backe--- *Ben.* How do you, Sir?

Grip. Oh sonne, sonne, worse then euer. The Gowt was but a
fitch to this. Oh the Collicke, the Collicke and stone.

Thirst. There be two of them master, aske the widdow else.

Grip. Sure it will rend my bowels our.

Ben. It's iust: The stone ith' bladder now should make him smart
That has so long bene sicke of stone ith' heart.

Grip. Oh that I knew where my old Phyfician liu'd.

Enter Vaster and Curfew.

Vast. Keepe on your habite. Our walke's turn'd Pouls, I thinke.

Curf. Zlid, if our third party were here, wee would venter on
'hem all. Th'are but welsh freezes; they would shrinke at the sense
of yron.

Vast. Let's mnuffle vp our villaines with the shadow
Of some great conference: if a cheate be offer'd,
We'll not refuse: but now to compasse it,
Must not be done by force of armes, but wit.

Grip. Sonne *Bensamin*, you must to Goldington,
To view yong *Brusters* lands: th'are offer'd me
This morne in morgage. Harke you---

Nic. *Thirsty*, come hither. *Thirst.* Ha' you any drink there?

Nic. No; but come drinke thy selfe drunke with Poetrie.

Thirst. Faith, Poetrie now a daies will scarce make a man drink.
I had as lief be a pot as a Poet: then I should sometimes be full of
good liquour.

Nic.

The Honest Lawyer.

Nic. Oh, your Poet is too full of that, it makes him thred bare. Sirrah, I ha' made a Sonnet here to my Mistresse; she n'ere wrought such a one on her Samplar. Lay thine eare close to my muscicall tongue, I shall rauish her.

Thirst. You shall be hang'd for't then.

Ni. Open thine eares, like an Oyster a sunning

Euen as the bird, which we Camelion call,

doth lye on aire for aye:

*So my kinde heart, euer like a stocke-Dove shall
feede on thy loue alll day.*

Thirst. I, and all night too.

Nic. I, and all night too: but that night would make the verse too long. Now I talke of night, let me see what time of day it is. I haue businesse, must not be rim'd away.

Curf. Pray y' Sir, how speakes your watch? One? mine lies inclining to two. You haue a prettie interpreter of the time there. Who made it, French or Dutch? You need not doubt me, Sir, I am the new Parson of Saint Peters in Bedford.

Nic. Sir, then as I may say, haue ioy in your new Benefice, for belly-peece you must ha' none. Pray' lets peruse your watch, see you mine.

Vast. Fezz' Sir, y'haue a braue wash there. Chill warrant the Kings wash-maker made it. Beseech you meztter *Nice*, let me see matter Parson wash. Master Pason will you zell your wash, chill giue you good cash for it.

Curf. No, my honest friend, I will not sell it.

Vast. Will you runne with me for it? *Grif.* Runne? no.

Vast. Cheuore ye runne for't, you shall nere ha't else. *Excurrit.*

Curf. Oh my watch-- *Nic.* Oh my watch.

Curf. Stop the theefe, stop the theefe. *Vaster runs away with*

Nic. Stop the Priest, stop the Priest. *Curfews watch: Cur-*

Thirst. Let him go, he runs for a wager. *few with Nices.*

Ben. How now? is my cousin *Nice* playing at Bace? I know one of them well, by his sad tale
Of *Vasters* death: for that Ile not pursue him.

Grif. Son, I did rest me, hoping to go forward.
But to increase my paines, I am not able.
Suruey you *Brasters* lands, and speed returne.

All's for your good, for I am now out-worne.

Ben. I goe Sir --- All's for me ; yet whileshe liues,
And his hydropicke spirits can look e through
His bodies loope-holes, and conuey the pleasure
Of his contemplate gold, his lusts sole God,
Through those windowes to th'admiring heart :
Nothing comes from him; not the superfluties
Of basers things, not being first improu'd.
I am his onely issue, and on me
I thinke he meanes to settle all his state.
It's the onely way to giue me curst and poore,
To build my nest on such extorted store.

Those fathers, that distress'd mens ruines vse,
"As scaffolds to build vp their racked wealth,
"Proue in the end, like citie-houses, that
"On small foundations carry spacious rooves:
"When the incensed heauens in tempests frowne,
"Their owne top-heavy weight tumbles them downe,
"The first or second generation spils
"By ryot, what by wrong the father filis.
In this Ile be a mirror to these times:
And by the hand of charitie returne
To euery man, what by his couetous rape
Their states are rauish'd of : so worke my rest.
Th'ill gotten gone, that which remaines is blest. *Exit.*

Grip. Oh *Thirsty*, honest *Thirsty*. Thy old master is but a dead man. I cannot pisse man any vrine's stop'd.

Thirst. You should drinke, hard, master: all this comes with pinching your selfe of your liquour. This is the reason, that so few Dutchmen are troubled with the stone. Your miserable Churle dribbles like the pissing Conduit: but his iouiall sonne with a streame like Ware-water-spout. This is the cause, the Vsurer falling sicke, so seldome rises by the staffe of Physicke: for he has no water for the Physician to cast.

F

Enter

Enter Nice blowing.

Nic. Now the Gowt, Dropfie, Lethargie take possession of their legs. I ha'lost my wind, and my watch, and I feare, my wench too.

Thirst. You haue watch'd faire: sure that Parson was some Irishman.

Nice. Some hangman vncafe him. I ha' bene at the Parsons, and he's no such manner of man.

Enter Marre-maide, constable, with Valentine.

Grip. What crew's this?

Mar. Blessè your worship: I am your Worships sonnes Tenant. I ha'brought a rogue to your worship, to be examin'd.

Grip. What fault hath he committed? Clarke, to your office: take his examination. Now neighbour *Sleepy*, are you Constable?

Thirst. A good harmelesse Constable, a theefe may take him napping.

Marm. An't please your worship, the rude Raggamuffin comes into my house, calls for drinke; and when the Tapster came with a reckoning, he broke the pot about's head; because he had not a cleane Apron on.

Val. No, because he misreckoned me.

Mar. Whose fault was it, to wipe out the score?

Val. Not mine. Indeepe I anointed the score with butter, and the Tapsters owne dog lick't it out.

Nic. Vncle, vncle, as sure as my watch is lost, this is master *Valentine* the Phyfician.

Grip. Oh Coz, that it were true. Pray' Sir, let me mooue a question.

Val. You may command my answer Sir, y'are a Iustice.

Grip. Were not you the man, that heald me o'the Gowt?

Val. Troth Sir, I haue done so many cures, that I forget a number of my patients. Th'other day I cured a lunaticke
Cobler,

The Tenth Muse
Cobler, pitifully run out at soule, when hee was giuen ore by the Physicians. I let him bloud, tooke three Hen-egges, suck'd 'hem out, into the shels I put his bloud, set them vnder a brood-Goose. When she had hatcht the rest, I gaue these three putrified egges to a Dogge: the Dogge grew madde, the Cobler sober. And now my memorie runs backe, I call to mind one of *Bedford*, sicke of the Gowt, whom I cured.

Grip. I am the man, my renowne d *Paracelsian*: thou shalt haue the other 25. pound. Constable, I discharge you. Office, I'll see you payd: set your recknoning on my score: trouble me no further: leaue vs, leaue vs. Now my deepe (*Exeunt.*) diuer into the secrets of nature, I haue a cure for thee, more desperate then the former.

Val. What is't Sir, that my Art cannot extend to?

Grip. The stone, the stone: I am pittifully grip'd with the stone. I ha' lost my pissing.

Val. Sir, the disease is somewhat dangerous.

Yet if that your expulsive facultie

Retaine true force, I'll warrant to make you pisse.

I must awhile withdraw to study Sir. —

Now am I puzzled: bloud, what medicine

Should I deuise to do't? It must be violent.

Giue him some *Aqua-fortis*; that would speed him.

Let's see. Me thinks--- a little Gun-powder

Should haue some strange relation to this fit.

I haue seene Gun-powder oft driue out stones

From Forts and Castle-walls, huger then he

Has any in his reynes or bladder, sure.

Faith, 'cause I am a souldier, i'll make triall

Of that same blacke and vaporous Minerall.

I'll shoote into his belly: if the gunne hold,

I'll giue him charge enough: some *Aquavita*

First brewd together would allay it well.

I'll sweare to try it, if I doe not misse,

By a strange trick I'll make my *Vsurer* pisse.

Sir, I'll goe in and prepare for you.

Grip. Doe so. Here, *Thirsty*, there be the Keys of the Buttry:

E 2

attend

F 2

attend vpon him good *Thirsty*: let him lacke nothing, as thou lou'st me.

Thirst. I loue you Master, but here's a good key I loue better. Sweete instrument of my ioy, let me kisse thee. Alas, that thou and I should be such strangers. Wee ha' but one barrell: now if that should bee in my masters disease, troubled with the strangullion, and could not runne --- well, if it bee not emptie, Ile giu't a scowring. *Exit.*

Grip. Now if this rare wonder of leaches can cure mee of this griping, that I may haue some fortie or threescore yeares more to gather in, by that time I shall gather enough to keepe mee all the rest of my life. When a man growes vp to fixe or seuen score, it is high time to thinke of mortalitie, and to take some ease. These three or foure nights I ha' bene haunted with Fairies: they dance about my bed-side, poppe in a peece of gold betweene the sheetes, scatter here and there fragments of siluer, in euery corner. I keepe my chamber swept, cleane linnen, fire to warme them euery night. I was at first afraide, they had beene spirits; now I see, they are good harmelesse Fairies. If I can please them, I shall grow rich, rich.

Sonne I haue stayd for you.

Enter Benjamin.

Ben. You haue done your health the more wrong, Sir.

Grip. How dost like my morgage?

Ben. It's a faire liuing, Sir; but I would not haue you meddle with it.

Grip. Why, my wife sonne?

Ben. Oh Sir, good deeds are scant,
When we aduantage take of poore mens want.
Bruster's an honest man; lend him some money without such sharpe securitie.

Grip. Not a doyt. If he come to me, and conuey the morgage I haue it ready; els I haue no money.

Sonne come and sup with me.

Ben.

Ben. I follow, Sir. Preposterous transfusion of our selues!
Th' erection of our faces should instruct
Our groueling thoughts t' ascend. How do men thwart
The teaching hand of Nature, and our birth!

Our heads cut aire, and yet our hearts plow earth :
I looke for *Sager* here. He's come.

Enter Sager.

Sag. Heer's my owne case and counterfeit ; by this danger-
lesse plummet, we may sound the depth of his more close and
intricate stratagems.

Ben. So wiser masters lay some easie baites,
At once to tempt and trie their seruants truth,
The subiect for quack-saluing Empirickes
To exercise their inexperience on,
Should not be men, but malkins.

Sag. Do you thinke, that he would doe me violence a-
sleepe? would he not wake me to some conference?

Ben. No, hee's a most ranke Coward, and I know,
Dares not come neere thee, though thou wert asleepe.
If he does ought, he'l do't by that long Engine.
Conceale your selfe awhile. How fares my name?
How does she brooke my slow-pac'd conning to her?

Sag. Faith, in your constancie lightens all griefe.
She neuer heares you mention'd, but she startles :
As if your name like some celestially fire
Quickened her slow-pac'd spirits with new life.
I neuer knew vertue and beauty meete
In a more happy mixture. I remoue.

Exit.

Ben. I loue her freely : shee's to me as th'ayre.
Her beauty is best and blest, whose soule is faire.
The Wolfe is come.

Enter Bromley with a fowling piece.

Brom. Good euening to you Sir.

Ben. My wish requite you.

You walke to haue a shoot, Sir : I depart.

I would be loth to preiudice your sport.

Brom. Saw you not M^r Sager, Sir, of late ?

This is his walke : I would faine speake with him.

Ben. Why would you speake with him ?

Brom. Sir, for no harme.

Ben. I do not thinke you meane it ; but you know,
hee's valiant like a Lyon : if crosse words should stirre your
blouds to quarrell -- Sir, take heed. Hee'l be too hard for you,
and your long weapon. This medow is his euening walke.
Farewell to you Sir. *Exit Ben.*

Brom. Good night M. *Beniamin* ; you need not doubt me.
If I could meet him at th'aduantage now,
He is the Fowle I'd shoot at. His life done,
The Farme is mine. Oh ye, whose hopes depend,
Like lingring shadowes, on anothers end,
What need you waite with patience natures leasure,
When such an engine can soone work your pleasure?
Tarry : yonder's a man -- now by his habite
It should be *Sager*. What ? and fast asleepe ?
Wish'd opportunity to my reuenge.
Ile kill him ere he wakes. Stay, grant he should
In this vnbeaten medow lately act
Some horrid sinne, please his adulterous lust :
I should then with his body strike his soule,
And sinke then both together. Reason no further
Thou chiding conscience. See, the Fates haue plac't
Him fit for vengeance : enemie, sleepe thy last.
Hee's Planet-strucke, falne downe : now to my Farme.
He that would rise, must thanke his wit or arme.
Oh but my murder ! pish, who euer stood
In fortunes height, without some touch of blood ?

Exit.

Enter

Enter Benjamin and Sager at severall wayes.

Ben. This I diuin'd. *Sag.* Happy preuention!

Ben. Goe, thou despairing wretch, and for thy will,
Ten thousand swords shall thy vex'd conscience kill.

'T was a vaine blow to vs, and no blood spilt,
Not lesse in thy intention is thy guilt.

This Clergy-habite which you haue assum'd,
Make good awhile for your supposed death;

Allow his tyrannie free scope: liue close:

Till time shall ripen those euent, we strue

To build on this vile ground. Hold, ther's my key:

Into my chamber; I sup at my fathers.

Exit Sager.

What, come againe?

Enter Bromley.

Brom. I cannot be at rest: I must needes see,
If this late murdered corps remoued be.

Some gold I haue put vp in this Portmantua:

If I should be pursu'd, this may relieue me.

Ay me! the bodi's gone: sure it's reueal'd:

Murder from heauens eye cannot be conceal'd.

What shall I doe? sit downe: lye there, my gold.

Enter Nice, and Thirsty, on either side, crying So ho.

Nic. Holla, Cousin Benjamin. So ho ho. *Thir.* Oh ho ho.

Brom. Oh me, the Countrie's vp, what shall I do? (*excurrit.*)

Ben. This foole hath frayd him.

Oh guilt! how hast thou made

Cowherd of man to fly at his owne shade!

Now Cousin Nice, what holla you for?

Nic. You had need of a bell to ring you in. Your father
has stayd supper for you this houre.

Ben. Come then, let's walke on — what's here a Port-
mantua?

Nic. Oh, oh, do not touch it: it's venome.

Ben. Why my wise Cousin? why are you so timorous?

Nice

Nic. Oh it lies there for a wager: there be theeues about it.
Take heed Cousin ; I found a Portmantua once, and lost all
the money in my purse. Fly, fly — *Exit.*

Ben. Are you gone ? Well, I see now, hee that will be wise
by Calender, shall be a foole by destinie.
Sure, this is *Bromleys* budget, and has gold
Put vp for his escape : 't is so by th' weight.
It falls into my hands most luckily :
For I haue need of cash in these occasions.
Yet Ile repay't againe : my honestie
Shall be his friend, whose feare was friend to me.
Oh, in this glasse my represented soule
Stands manifest to my impartiall eye .
Ye heauens rayne showers of mercy on my sins :
Left where my pleasure ends my wo begins.

Act. Quart.

Enter Vasters Wife.

Wife. **R**Vnne faster, ye dull legges of motion,
That time may follow with a swifter pace.
Let wanton Epicures with you creeple-limbes,
Insatiate with the ryot of their ioyes ;
And chide the hasty forwardnesse of day,
That will not dance attendance on their play.
My spirits wrought vpon with tedious woes,
Thinke that each houre lingring and lazy goes.
Impartiall fates, how you delude our thoughts !
Guiding euent to their determin'd ends,
Whether our strength with or against contends.
Whether the passenger wake, or sleepe his fill,
The waue and wind-mov'd vessell goes on still.
Patience then heart ! they do not valour know,
That weary faint, but who can suffer woe.
Who's this? *Enter Rob. Vaster with the Letter.*

Rob. By your leaue, Mistris Sorrow.

Wife.

The Honest Lawyer.

Wife. Right, th' hast hit my name.
Yet cleare of sinne, my sorrow has no shame.

Rob. I haue letters from Mr. Ben. Gripe.

Wife. They're welcome. (poore boy how am I vndone)
Tis hard, a mother must not owne her sonne.

Rob. Sure I should know that face and language too.
A chill disquiet troubles my soft peace,
And runs like a cold feuer through my bloud.

I'm very sicke of somewhat. Oh tis then

Error, the sicknesse in all minds of men.

But that I know her absence giues her dead.

I' would sweare it was my mother. 'las vaine thoughts,
How you would flatter me!

Wife. --- Your prouident friend, *Beniamin Gripe.*

Leaue out that *Gripe*: it's an vnproper name;

Cannot-denominate thee for such a creature.

A name can neuer constitute a nature.

If blessed mankinde haue a *Phanix* left;

And vice of that good hath not time bereft;

In this degenerate worlds apostacie;

The plurall number's lost: that one is hee; --- Sonne

Rob. Zlid she calls me Sonne.

Wife. That word's oreflitt.

How easily loue is in her language trip't.

Sonne--- of compelling nature not forbears:

Passion must vent it selfe in speech or teares.

Dost thou not know me?

Rob. Yes: this testifie.

I begge your blessing on my humbled knee.

Wife. Rise with heauen's benediction.

Rob. Liues my Father?

Wife. Guesse by my greefe and silence.

Rob. Vn' my doubts

Wrapp me in further maze. My father dead?

My mother living in his enemies house?

Let's stedy. Oft I haue heard my father mone,

That this same womans lust had him vndone.

This giues strong faith. Why should thee els liue here,
But to some such vile end? By heauen tis cleare.
Oh that this sappe, which my life feedes vpon,
Did not confesse a deriuation
From that corrupted trunke! Well, I will force
Nature runne backe with a preposterous course.
Ile fashion a forgetfull lunacie,
That ere I was her soone. But on my soule,
Not touch her with least hurt. — Woman come hither.

Wife. Woman! Deare *Robin*, not thy mother? blesse mee.
Why dost thou gripe me thus? Oh some blacke storme
Is rising on thy brow.

Rob. Storme? No, tis thunder. Can you read this?

Wife. Yes, I can spell 't too well. It speakes my death,
deare sonne —

Rob. Come, come, forget
These filiall rights, and Natures attributes.
Prepare your selfe to —

Wife. What? Oh desperate child:
Oft haue thy bended knees with a iust dutie
Kiss'd the cold earth, to begge my prayers to heauen,
For thy prosperity: oft desir'd forgiuenesse
Of thy wild infant-errors. Oft haue these
Borne thee with soft indulgence: but now, see,
A wofull mother bends her humble knee
To her incensed sonne; not to conserue
This flesh from death, but thy black soule from hell:
Th' vnscaped dungeon, where all Parricides dwell.
Thinke: if thy spirits be not growne mad and wild,
Pitie a mother kneeling to her child.

Rob. I'm deafer then an Usurer to your mones.
I must, like *Nero*, see the place I bred in.
Be brieue in answere: did you neuer wrong
my fathers nuptiall bed.

Wife. Neuer.

Rob. Take heede.

Clogge not that brest with more sin, that must bleed,
Speake truth and saue your soule.

The Honest Lawyer.

Lye you not here to satiate his lust,
That robb'd my father? speake, or y'are but dust.

Wife. No on my soule.

Rob. Now on thy soule thou lye'st.

Confesse, be plaine, or without pawse thou dyest.

Wife. Helpe, heauens or men. *Within, breake open dore.*

Enter Benia. Valentine, Gripe, Nice, Thirsty.

Ben. What prodigie's this?

Wife. Nothing Sir, alas nothing : 'twas but my feare.

Ben. It is my seruant Sir; he meant no ill.

Gripe. Sonne, sonne, howsoeuer he serues you, I'm sure he
does not serue God. Without question, he would haue rauish'd her.

Thir. He would haue refresh'd her, Sir.

Gripe. Speake widow, is 't not true? --away with him,
Cousin *Nice*, make his *mittimus*.

Wife. It's not amisse to let him feele some smart.
His life they cannot touch : what his offence
Deserues in heauens, strict iustice, mercy paid on.
Parents learne this in tendring Childrens state :
Too much indulgence is not loue but hate.

Nic. Sure his complexion doth not giue it: let me see your
hand, Sir.

Rob. Will you feele it, Sir? *strikes him.* *Exeunt.*

Ben. (Sonne offer violence to the mother?) strange!
Till I can sound this mysterie of ill,
Ile to the prison and relieue him still. *Exit.*

Gripe. You will be gone Mr. *Valentine*; but I hope you will
visit me shortly againe.

Val. Before you looke for me, Sir, --- if all fall right,
I vowe to visite you againe this night. *Exit.*

Gripe. Ha widow! I am cleere of the stone now.

Wife. The lesse able to do a widow pleasure, Sir.

Gripe. Tut, wench, I meane the disease, the disease.

Wife. (No Sir : you haue a worse disease behind :)
The body hath no sicknesse like the mind.

Gripe. Try me, sweet. I'm like a leeke, though I haue

a gray head, I haue a greene--wut? wut be my medicine for the stone? when? when?

Wife. When you haue married me I will be your wife.

Gripe. Pish: first make triall how thou likest me: there is no wit, to marry before experience.

Wife. Your house Sir, is too publike.

Grip. Hold, ther's the key of my closset. Be thine owne pandar for conuayance. I must receiue a little money: profit is aboue pleasure; about ten ———

Wif. Good lucke direct my hands vnto the morgage. That found, if or my witte or strength hold racke, I haue a medicine Sir, to coole your backe, *Exit.*

Grip. 'Las poore wench: now shee's got into my Closset, she hugges her hopes, as a Polititian his ayery plotte, and cryes a prize, a prize. She shall be double cony-catch'd. Wel, it growes Fairy-time. Oh the fine dapper laddes, how they friske about my chamber: when at euery step here droppes a grote, there a teston. Many drops make a floud. Sure, I'm some wonderfull honest man, that they loue me thus. I must to bed. Tarry, how then shall I keepe touch with the widow? I ha't, Ile sit downe in my chaire, and faine my selfe in a slumber. Oh 'twill be a golden waking dreame.

*Enter Vaster, Valentine, Cursfew, like Fairies, dancing
anticses: pinching Gripe, as they
passe by him.*

Oh-oh-th'are angry. Would I were rid of 'hem. Oh--sweet spirit --oh-- doe not terrifie mee thus. What haue I done to prouoke you?

Vast. Confesse thy sinnes. Th'ha't some wench in a corner.

Grip. I haue, I haue--oh-- but Ile not meddle with her.

Vast. Whiles thy house was cleanly swept,
And thy conscience chastly kept:
Neat linnen, fire and water ready:
And thy purpose good and steady:

Whiles

The Honest Lawyer.

Whiles thou neuer sentst the poore
Vnrewarded from thy doore.
Whiles thou wakenst with the chimes,
Because thou wentst to bed betimes,
We brought thee wealth; but twas in vaine:
For now we'll fetch it backe againe.
Come deliuer the keys of your trunks.

Grip. Oh theenes, you'll robbe me, you'll vndoe me.

Curf. No, Gowtie blister, well bind thee, vndoe thee, who
will —

Val. Open thy iawes thou yawning sepulcher:
Here is a morsel for an Vsurer.

Gagge him,

Vast. A peece of Cheese of the Low-country Dairies.
This is the vsuall diet of the Fairies.

Curf. Now we will rip the lining of thy trunks.
Better the Fairies haue it then thy punkes.

Val. Lucke more, then we can carry, hath assign'd vs.

Curf. Each horse his lode: we'll leaue the rest behind vs.
Thou greedy *Panther.* *Val.* Sauage Wolfe. *Vast.* Man-eater.
Thou setting Canker. *Val.* Comons horseleech. *Curf.* Cheater

Vast. Whose belly has iust cause to sue an action
Of trespassse, gainst thy couetous lusts exaction:
For detinie of many hundred meales,
Which it from others, and thy selfe too, steales.
The Gowt. *Val.* The Dropfie. *Curf.* Collicke, Lunacie,
Like Sprites and Fairies haunt thy company.
And as thou gap'st now, let some Batte or Owle
Spet backwards i' thy mouth.

Vast. No more. If thou do not
Repent, restore, turne good, sit till thou rot.

Val. What does Vsurie sticke in thy teeth? spet out, Dog,
spet out. Now thou gap'st for a morgage. Dost?

Vast. Fare-ill. To those that aske how came this euill,
Giue answer thus: The Fairies robd the Diuell.

Grip. Oh---Oh---Oh.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Honest Lawyer.

Enter Bromley, Nice, Vasters wife.

Bro. Ho master *Gripe*? what, your chamber doore ope thus carely? how now, bound? gagg'd? what rogues ha' bene here?

Nic. Speake to mee vncle, speake: the gagge's out.

Grip. Saue the gagge. I will hang the whole shire, but Ile find 'hem. Iugglers, Fairies, incarnall sprites! My money, my heart, my guts, my soule——Let me curse my selfe into the ground, and saue a Dirge. Run, cry, ride, charge the Constables with 'hem.

Brom. Where be they, Sir?

Grip. Gone to the Diuell. Runne to a Coniurer, cast me a figure.

Nic. Oh, Sir, all the Coniurers are o'their owne trade. A mischief on't, I thought there was some scuruy luck towards; the Crickets did so cry ith' Ouen yesterday. And this verie houre, as we came in, there was an Owle whoo-whooping in the top of the chimney: and iust at the threshold, master *Bromley* here stumbled. Signes, signes.

Grip. Plucke downe the signes. Ile vndo all the Innes in the towne: they harbour the theeues.

Brom. You said they were Fairies.

Nic. Now in sinceritie, I heard a great ratling of chaines.

Wife. (This makes mee wonder! such a robbery, and I not heare it?

Brom. Come bridle vp this furie. What will you say, if I can produce you the plotter, abbettor, or at least accessary to this villanie? What if the pick-locke can open the chest of all this stratagem?

Grip. 'Las, poore widdow, she was fast, I warrant you.

Brom. No, she was loose I warrant you: how could we haue got in, if she had not open'd the dore? Your cousin *Nice* and I came from a hurly-burly ith' Taile. Your sonnes man has broke from his keeper. And as we were comming, wee met this woman verie supitiously stealing out.

Wife. My heart misgaue me thus: this diuels tongue Would worke my misdeem'd innocence some wrong.

Grip.

Grip. No more words. Cousin, neighbor, take her to the next Justice. I must not deale in my owne businesse. Let her bee examin'd soundly, soundly: sent to the Iayle, roundly, roundly.
Wife. Sir, I beseech you.

Grip. No more. Do not you know, I know you for a whore! Away with her, I will not heare her speake.
My gold, my siluer--Oh my heart will breake. *Exit.*

Brom. Come, will you walke? Ile leade, widdow, come you next. Master *Nice*, you'll follow.

Nic. As close, as beggery followes drunkenesse.
Let me see your hand, widdow--Oh the case is cleare.
A yellow spot doth on your hand appeare.
Gather vp your heeles, widdow: Justice *Surly* dwels hard by.

Enter Robert Vaster.

Rob. How now? my mother guarded? with two rogues?
Sword, thou didst faine to kill her--but--Sirrah--you--deliuer me this woman, or Ile make thy yellow starch'd face serue me for a cut-worke band.

Brom. Oh Sir, y'are well met; you broke from the Iayle last night. Apprehend him master *Nice*.

Nic. I am somewhat dainty and shy on him, Sir. He looks vile sharpe on't.

Brom. Let him looke as sharpe, as an Apparitors nailes, we'll blunt him I warrant ye. Sirrah, I charge you stand.

Rob. Sirrah, you see I stand charg'd already. Will you haue me run?

Brom. Oh helpe, helpe---

Exit.

Nic. Hold, hold, I ha' not made my will.

Rob. No matter for thy prayers; dispatch it quickly then.

Nic. You'l giue me leaue, Sir, to make my will. *Rob.* Yes.

Nic. Then my will is--to runne away. *Exit.*

Wif. Thanks, sonne; but now do you not, like the Lion,
Saue the distressed Lambe from the Wolfes pawes,
For sacrifice to his owne bloudie iawes?

Rob. Deare mother, pardon; be secure---

Enter

Enter Bromley, Nice, Benjamin, Sager disguised, Anne Vaster.

Brom. This way, this way: here--Oh haue we found you?

Ben. How do these mischiefes flutter in thicke heapes!
And cloud my vnderstanding from the light,
I look'd the Sunne should shine, find it darke night
I cannot stand t' examine circumstances.
Now master *Bromley*, whither are you bound?

Brom. Your father gaue vs charge to haue the widdow
To master Iustice *Surly's*; he suspects her
To haue some hand i'th robberie to night.
Sir it concernes you; he has lost 300. pound.

Ben. Vmh. My father robd? the widdow charg'd with it?
Her sonne vniayld himselfe? these are harsh turnes.
Well, go you two before, prepare the Iustice.
You haue my word for their appearance. Go. *Exeunt. Br. Nic.*
VViddow, and *Robin*, now here's none but friends:
You'l giue me leaue to wonder at these ends.
Of that anone.

Meane time I here present you with a gift,
Dearer to me, then is the Sunne to earth.
So; narrow vp your passions for a space:
H'you the morgage-deeds? giue them my hands.
Yet the successe on my inuention stands.
Mother, and brother, (so I hope your titles)!
My selfe, and friend here, whom you do not know,
VVill baile you both. That done, I haue an Inne,
New voyd of Tennant; there dwell all together.
My friendship to the power shall pledge your faith.
Measure good decds by what man would, not hath. *Exeunt*

Enter Griffin.

Griff. VVhat Damn'd fortune's this, that I cannot sinell out
these theeues? I would sweare them to the Gallous, as well
as they swore me out of my money. An oath like a strong
charme, should coniure their neckes into the circle of a rope.

Enter

The Honest Lawyer

Enter Bromley, Benjamin.

Oh, here comes my fellow-Patient; wee both tooke Physicke together; purg'd, purg'd: but I haue a cordiall for him. . Saue you, brother Gripe. Mr. Bromley, newes, good newes. It's reported, that Sager's dead.

Brom. Dead? Ile go take possession presently.

Ben. Do not with too strict rigour exercise your power on his distressed family.

Brom. My time is come, I will not lose an houre.

Grif. It's iust, that euery man should take his owne.

Ben. Sir, you speake law, not charitie. He that will Be nothing more then iust, is vniust still. Wo to that quited soule, to whom from heauen All iustice, and no mercie shall be giuen. Your mercy to the widdow, to the Orphans.

Brom. As much as a Puritan has vpon a good feast!

Ben. Well--let me tell you this --Sager is dead. So flies report, borne on presumptions wings. But how he dy'd, that aerie bird not sings.

Kild--but by whom--waight deeply--I must hence, The muttring's strong--looke to your conscience. *Scedit*

Grif. How's this? kild?--muttering? and conscience? Looke, his ghastly melancholy points him out for the murderer. As sure, as a hatte-brinkes puld downe declares a cuckold, this darkenesse discouers him.

Brom. I am a villaine.

Grif. Tell him, that knowes it not.

Brom. My narrow heart cannot be capable Of this huge bulke of sorrow. It must out. Now, to whose bosome better then my friends?

This hand kild Sager. *Grif.* How?

Brom. Nay, do your worst.

Twas but chance medley, accidentall slaughter. Intending with my Peece to strike a fowle, Against my will the cocke went downe, and he

H

Stood

The Honest Lawyer.

Stood in deaths way. It was his destinie.
But *Griffin*, harke you-- let not your tongue stirre.
Do not I know you for a forgerer?
And more--you wot--let not your tongue be loose.

Ben. Thus are two Foxes catch'd in one poore noose.

Exit Ben.

Griff. Our guilt shall bind our secrecie; who liues
An vn suspected villaine; winks at others
Vnlawfull deeds, to teach their eye-lids how
To winke at his-- Shall we go to our new Hostice?

Brom. Where? who?

Griff. For your where, at the Maiden-head, a good likely
place. For your who: the widdow that old *Gripe* (*Enter Wife*
suspects for the robbery; but young *Gripe* hath tenanted to his
Inne. Masse, she preuents vs. Widdow, we were comming.

Wife. Pray' Gentlemen walke in; you shall haue attendance.

Brom. Your company, sweete widdow.

Wife. Ile not be long from you, Sir.

Exeunt.

Oh, some retiring from this house of sinne.

Fate! I was neuer bred to keepe an Inne.

Enter Curfew, Valentine as themselves, Vaster disguis'd.

More customers? that which all Innes would see;

Great store of guests: this is a plague to me.

Vast. Yonder's mine Hostice. Now the water's vp, that we
cannot get ouer to the Abbey, it is our securest course to com-
mit the money to her custodie. If any search should be made,
and these tokens found about vs, we are all dead men: there's
not so much mercie in *Gripe*, as in the Plague.

Curf. Agreed. Widdow, we haue some money to pay to a
Londoner in Bedford here; and he's not yet come to receiue
it. Will you locke it vp safe for vs?

Val. But heare you? Deliuer it not to any one of vs. Except
all three demand it together, keepe it still.

Vast. Helpe her to beare it in, and see't dayd vp.
Zlid, my wife takes degrees; she rises fairely.

Exeunt.

I sold her hither whore some trickes to do,
Now she's turn'd whore, and Bawd, and Hostice too.
Stand close deare wits, and shadow me disguise.
She cast me downe, and by her fall Ile rise.
Husbands that loue your honour as your life;
Learne now to be reueng'd, on a false wife. *Enter wife.*

Wif. Your friends expect you Sir.

Vast. Sweet, I would go.

But here's a charming beauty, that sayes no.
Will you walke off a little--to the meddow?
I haue a tiny businesse with you, widdow?

Wife. What is your will, Sir? I'm in haste: be short.

Vast. The thing thou wotst on, halfe a minutes sport.

Wif. Forbeare, libidinous Groome.

Vast. Groome? I'm a man.

And can do, Hostice, what another can.
Come, shall I speake in gold, and action?

Wif. Be damn'd, inchanter, with thy golden spelss.
Thou thinkst, gold can buy lust, when nothing els.
Yet I do loue thy soule. Think, ethinke, how deare,
A moments ioy is bought with endlesse feare.
How ill the flesh steales his vniust delight,
When the soule suffers an eternall night.
Flatter thy glowing hopes with heare no more.
Be not deceiu'd; thy Hostice is no whore.

Vast. So: spoke my out-side braue; did my rich huske
Allow me impudent; and my vndown'd chinne
Promise my bloud vsuck'd out by this sinne,
You would runne madde on me.

Wif. Sooth, thou much errest.
I neuer saw that person (except one,
Who iustly claim'd my loue, now dead and gone)
In whose embracements I would sooner locke the treasures of
my heart. *Vast.* Now, now, she's comming.

Wif. If you had mou'd my eares with a chaste suite, I should
haue listn'd. *Vast.* Braue! she's mine already.

Wif. I cannot loue thee now. *Vast.* No? *Wif.* No, I cannot.

conceiue a good thought of thee. *Vast.* No? *Wif.* I hate thee?

Vast. Heigh? handy, dandy, fast and loose, braue diuell,
Ile coniure you for this. Come, will you loue me?
Or no matter for your loue, will you lie with me?
Doe, or lie alone ith meddow here. I shall leaue your temp-
ting eyes for the Crowes to picke out.

Wif. Defend me goodnesse.

Vast. Whistle not so lowd, lest I cut your pipe. Come on.

Wif. Honour or life, how shall I saue you both?
Sir, I shall spoyle ydu; I ha' bene long a sinner.
A common sinner, Sir, and am not sound.
You cannot scape infection, if you touch me.

Vast. Hum! the poke, say you? well, you'l not reueale me. *Exit*

Wife. You need not, Sir, distrust my silence. Wrongs
That scape heauens hand, need not feare mortall tongs.
This world's turn'd Bedlam, rauing, desperate-badde.
It stagger'd drunke before, now it runs mad.

More customers? *Enter old Gripe and Benjamin.*

Ben. But, Sir, respect your life, your conscience.

Grip. Thou saist well, for my life. But for my conscience,
Tis like a Surgions, that takes money for letting out blood.
Thinke o' my morgage.

Ben. Vpon my life, he'll kill her. O presumption,
How dost thou dare heauens Iustice? I must study
To interpose prevention. Sir, I'm your sonne:
This brest you gaue me, and Ile still conserue it,
A faithfull closet to locke vp your secrets.

How will you strike? Pistoll her. *Grip.* No: that speaks
Like an obstreperous Aduocate, too loud,
In th'cares of iustice. Murder, like your Iesuite,
Should whisper death in silence--sleeping silence.

Ben. I apprehend it, poyson. Sir, Ile buy you
A speedy potion. *Grip.* Not too deare, good sonne.
I would not ha't too deare: my mony's gone.

Two peny-woorth of Rats-bane, w'haue experience,
W'll do't; do't thoroughly. *Ben.* Ile provide it, Sir.
Ile be your Apothecarie; but by no meanes

Mini-

The Banquet
Minister it my selfe. You must do that, Sir:
I cannot doe you better seruice. Rare!
Then bring my father to the Galhouse. *Enter.*
Be petulant, and let your wanton mirth,
Giue you forgetfull of all wrong.

Gripe. Come widow, I forgiue thee now : I hope thou't
forgiue me too. I'm come to drinke downe all malice.

Wife. Pray' Sir, lead the way. Ile follow. *Exit Grip.*
Looke vp, deare friend : what thus deiects you ?

Ben. Wonders, miracles -- I must needs poyson thee.
Be not dismay'd, my poyson shall not hurt thee :
Ile tell thee all. *Enter Vaster in haste.*

Vast. Hostice, Pray' helpe me to the money quickly. I must
pay't instantly. *Wife.* You shall Sir. *Exeunt.*

Vast. So, if my new-borne plots hold constant life,
Ile cheate my theeues, but aboue all, my wife. *Enter Wife &*
Thanke you, good Widow. Youth, tel the *Rob. with money.*
Gentlemen I'm gone to tender the money. Bid *Exit Rob.*
'hem be merry and continue their healths. Ile take my round,
when I come againe. Farewell Office. *Exit.*

Wife. Y'are welcome Sir. *Enter Cursfew, Valentine, Robin.*

Val. Gone, sayst thou ? and with the mony ? fire and gun-
powder ! how are we blowne vp ? *Curf.* Prettie handsome !

Val. Office ---- *Rob.* Good leach, stand further off : your
breath's too violent.

Curf. Did we not charge you not to deliuer the money, but
to vs all three together ?

Rob. Masse, tis true. How forgetfully are we cheated ?

Val. You are a coozening woman. *Rob.* You doe ! ye !

Curf. Keepe the peace. Office, you'l make it good to vs,
three hundred pound, a pretty competent summe.

Val. Furies and Fiends ! wits, you do fairly striue.

Curf. I thought this faiery mony would nere thriue. *Exeunt*

Ben. I haue heard all this roguerie. *Enter Ben.*

Cheare, Widow : let not sorrow make thee sicke.

Perhaps, Ile catch the knaues at their owne trickes. *Ent. Thir.*

Thir. So ho-my master's turn'd Reueller, I neuer lost my name
H 3 since

since I came into his staruice, till now. Vck! a miracle, I am not *Thirsty*.

Enter Nice.

Ben. Now my wife kindred, why looke you so pale?

Nic. O, Ile put off my wedding. I will not for all Bedford marry to morrow. *Ben.* No? why?

Nic. O, my Vncle reaching for a Cup, ouerthrew the salt towards me -- towards me. O tis ominous.

Ben. The falling of a salt keep thee from mariage! well, I haue a strange medicine, of quick cure to this conceited sickness. *Robin*, fetch me some wine. Coz, how dost feele thy selfe?

Thir. Hee shakes as if he had the gurning agew.

Nic. Perplexed Cousin, perplexed. I had rather a good Lordship had saine toward me.

Ben. Tut man, salt seasons all things; fish or flesh. And troth, thou need'st it: for thy witte's but fresh. Here bloud, I drinke to thee.

Thir. Now could I dance like a Dutch Froe: my heeles are as light as my head.

Nic. Oh I recant. Cousin, I will marry.

Ben. What meant you Sir, to spill the wine vpon him?

Rob. 'Twas a mischance Sir. *Nice.* No: it was good hap. Tis a good signe, t'haue wine spilt in ones lappe: This makes amends for the salt, Sir.

Ben. I thought this docke would fetch your nettle out. I see, small wind turnes a fooles mill about. Let's goe. *Exeunt.*
Wife. Yonder comes my Physician and his potion.

Enter Gripe.

Grip. I haue here two papers: one of sugar, and that's for my selfe: another of poyson, and that's for my Office. Let me be right-right. I should make faire worke, if I were mistaken now. Ha widow! th'art a Churle- a very churle, that wouldst not keepe companie with thy guests. I ha' brought thee a cup of wine here: health and bloud to thee, sweete Widow.

Rob.

The Honest Lawyer.

Rob. A miracle : An Usurer drunke at's owne cost.

Gripe. There's a whole cup for thee : pledge mee chucked.
Nay tarry, tarry : thou must haue sugar to't; women loue
sweet things, I know. So, off with't bottome and all: the deeper
the sweeter. Ha Office, my sonne shall giue thee a lease
of thine Inne.

Wife. I would hee could grant me a lease of my life : for I
grow sick sir. *Robin*, looke in. *Exit Rob.*

Gripe. (Excellent rattel-bane) it workes already. Widow,
dost remember since thou wast in my studie? and yfaith what
foundst there?

Wife. Nothing, but what I left behinde me, Sir. I'm very
sicke.

Gripe. (He nere trust poyson els.) This cottons wel yet. No
sooner dead, but my sonne shall ceaze on all the goods.
Search the coffers for my morgage. If it be lost, yet now shee'l
keepe counsell.

Wife. This wine hath made me thirsty. I'm not well.

Gripe. Hye thee to bedde and sweate. A little posset with
two-penny worth of horse-spice. O tis excellent to put one
into a sweate. Farewell widow. *Exit.*

Wife. So I'm recouerd now : thy absence cures me.
O earth! thou center of the world and sinne;
Tis Paradise is lost : th'art only now
A larger stable, where all vices dwell.
Did not the Sunne shine, I should thinke thee hell.

Enter Vaster.

Lucky! here comes the cheater. Sir, the money is askt for by
the Gentlemen, your friends : They threaten to arrest me, but
I hope sir, you'l be my quittance.

Vast. Yes : on this condition.

Let me enioy thy loue on this soft ground :
He pay it backe, were it three hundred pound:
Stirre not : this chargeth you : are you not content?
Come, with a silent kisse seale your consent.

Wife. Sir, you know my disease. I'm dangerous:

Vast. The poxe? O I haue knowne *London* too long to bee
afraid.

afraid of the poxe. Come, will you vnlocke? I ha'the golden key. If not, Ile to *Virginia*, like some cheating Bankrout, and leaue my Creditour ith'fuddes. You know the Iayle. Ha you neuer bin hir'd to yawle for the whole prison? and whule to the passengers?

Wife. Sorcerer, thy circle cannot hold me.

Vast. No, I would haue yours holde mee. Come, will you fadge?

Wife. Not, if thou killst me: not if thy murderous hand Could put me to a death, (like Iesuities poison)
Ten yeeres a dying. *Vast.* No? you will repent.

Wife. So wilt thou neuer: take my carcase, slaue:
Whiles there's a soule within; no lustfull hand
Did or shall euer touch it. *Vast.* Politick whore!
What, do you ken me now? *Wife.* My husband? ô, *(discouers*
Into your armes I flie. *Vast.* Infection, no, *(himselfe.*
Y are dangerous by your owne confession.

Wife. Alas! I forg'd that answere, to auoid
Sinfull embracings. Brothels sicke indeed
Of that contagion, sooth and smother't vp,
To tempt distrustfull commers on, at once
To their owne profit, and the others ruine.
They speake false, to do false the safer. I
To saue my conscience did my flesh bely.

Vast. You cannot tempt me Siren; I am resolute.
Thou art a cunning Bitch, and I am proud
Of such expected meanes to my reuenge.
Harke, how Ile quittance thy abhorred lusts.
First, thou shalt be arrested for the money,
Whereof I cheated thee: so be restrain'd
From thy old straggling, mew'd vp like a haggard;
Till the Alsife comes, then thou shalt be hang'd.
I heare thou standst bound ouer for suspicion
Of robbing *Gripe*. I did the villanie.
Ile ha't prou'd thine: so thou shalt hang for me.

Wife. Deare husband, do so. *Vast.* Husband me no more:
That name was cancell'd when you first playd whore.

Now

The Famous Lawyer
Now garden-pot, you water your sad teares,
But I am no loue-foole, wonne with womans teares.

Wife. O prosecute your wil. Thus on my knees,
And with a heart more humbled, I intreat,
And I must haue it granted ere I rise;
Be pleas'd to make this life a sacrifice,
To expiate your wrath. I freely yeeld it,
For your redemption. For your hate I dye;
That might not liue in your loues companie.
If I confesse not guilty, to saue you,
Imagine then all your suspicions true.
But when for your debts I haue payd this life,
Beleeue but then, you had a faithfull wife.

Vast. O, thou wouldst melt a rocke. My heart's too dead,
To sprout at this wet *Aprill*. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Wife. Peace and content attend you: and let still
Mercie forgiue, and rectifie your ill.

Enter Ben.

Ben. What? not dead yet? but weeping? come, come dry
Vp all thy teares: goe hye thee in, and dye.
Much villanie is now together pack't.
The Scene growes full. Your patience this last act. *Exeunt.*

Act. Quint.

Enter old Brace, the true Abbot.

Abbot.

TO man, how sweet is breath! yet sweetest of all,
That breath, which from his native ayre doth fall.
How many weary pases haue I measur'd!
How many knowne and vnknowne dangers past,
Since I commenc'd my tedious Pilgrimage,
The last great worke of my death-yeelding age!
Yet am I blest, that my returning bones
Shall be rak't vp in Englands peacefull earth.

Oh happy Englishmen, if your sore eyes
Did not looke squint on your felicities!
How other Countries enuy, what you loth;
And surfet on: and would make that their pride,
Which is by your contempt still vilefied!
This sicknesse fulnesse breeds in most mens blood;
None lesse, then the possessors, know what's good.
Now to my deputy: here his glories end.
But stay: he comes to meet me. Ile attend.

Enter Curfew.

Curf. Confound this damn'd foxe: he has cheated mee of
the best prey, I euer shak'd for. Would I could light on him;
I haue a Constable here should make him stand.

Brac. What's this? sharking, foxing, and a pistoll?
Th'embleme of theefe, cheater, murderer?
Sure, this vile Elderne was not of my planting.
I know him: Tis his brother, to whose trust I did incoffe my
place.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. I was directed this way to the Abbot.
My lord-- the Iudge detain'd by sicknesse from to morrow's
Session, desires your lordships ayde to the supply of his owne
place. Th'assistant Iustices rest their determining sentence
on your lippes.

Curf. Ile giue my old attendance.

Mess. Your lordships leaue. *Exeunt Mess: & Curf.*

Bra. I leaue your lordship too.

I must about this mischiefe to preuent:
Ile force you both your offices repent.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Iaylowr, Gripe, Bromley, Griffin.

Iay. So, so, so. My customers drop in roundly. Welcome, Mr. *Gripe*, and the rest of my good friends, welcome ! I am very glad to see you here. My house was not grac'd with an *Vsur*-*rer*, and vnder-Sheriffe, many a day before ; though I ha' been peetter'd with abundance of honest fellowes. Speake, shal's be merry ? what will you haue to dinner ?

Gripe. A rope. What dost thou tell me of dinner ?

Iay. No Sir, that shall be kept for your supper.

Brom. Giue me some Sacke and *Aqua vita*. I wil be drunk presently.

Grif. It's cleere. I haue twenty cases for't. The concealing of murder is but man-slaughter. I must ha' my booke.

Brom. Giue 's some Sacke, I say : mun tut, &c.

Enter Nice.

Nice. My Vncle committed ? Iustice it selfe sent to the Iayle ?

Gripe. Cousin, sweet Cousin, runne, scudde, fly -- to Sir *Bare Notwithstanding* : he lyes but three miles off ; he's in my debt : bid him release me, and Ile release him.

Griff. Stay Sir. He's in my debt too : I ha' solicited for Sir *Bare* these seuen yeeres, and haue nothing but bare thanks.

Brom. Nay then, take me with you. Thus——

Enter Benjamin, Robin, Thirsty ; Thirsty climbing up into a tree. Rob. into a bush.

Ben. Ha you your lesson perfect ?

Thirst. Yes, yes : as a Mid-wife her errand to a Citizens wife. There's not an Owle in an Iuy-bush, nor a Parrat at a Drugsters dore, has whoo whoop, or walke Knaue, more perfit.

Ben. Robin, do't cunningly. My Dad shall be
Only to me beholding for his life.
By that aduantage I recall his loue.

Grip. Cousin, fly euery step. Remember, like a Iury-man,
you goe vpon life and death. *Exit Nice.*

Brom. Happinesse grant, that no Hare crosse him ith' way:
his superstitious legges will retire, though wee hang for't.
Come, shall we keep the rule of the place, and drinke drunke
now? *Exeunt.*

Enter Nice.

Ben. Now kindred, whither trot you so fast?

Nic. Oh Cousin, about a deede of charitie; to saue your
father, and two or three knaues more from hanging. I am go-
ing to Sir *Bare Notwithstanding*; to saue them out of prison:
they haue sau'd him often.

Ben. Sir *Bare Notwithstanding*, he's a great man, Cousin.

Nic. Hee had three Lordships sell to him at a clappe; the
worst worth 400. a yeere.

Ben. Yet hee's bare notwithstanding.

Nic. Hee has sold his Caroch with foure Flanders mares,
because he would retire himselfe and liue ith' Country.

Ben. Yet he's *Bare Notwithstanding*. But to himselfe Cou-
sin, farewell. *Exit Ben.*

Nic. To him, quoth he? I will to him, were the diuell in
my way. *Thirst.* Porke, porke.

Nic. The diuell porke you. What dismall bird crokes dis-
after to my iourney! *Thir.* Porke.

Nic. Nay, if the destinies haue set the Rauens against mee,
Ile rerurne sure — yet let me see. So my Vncle may bee
hang'd, Ile on, come what will. *Thir.* Porke.

Nic. O this blacke bird tolles like a passing-bell,
My owne sad mischiefe and my Vncles knell.

Yet why am I so timorous; when charitie
Bids me go on, shall a Rauens hinder me?

Ile keep aloofe and passe --- oh a spirit, a spirit.

Rob. flashes
powder.

The

The Widdowes Ghost. *Bromley, Lawyer, Vncle, hang.*
Take all your fortunes, I'll no further gang.
It's an unhallow'd place, a dismall day.
Betide what will, I'll be backe againe some way. *Exit.*

Rob. Come downe, Rauen. *Thirst.* Come out, Spirit.

Rob. Blind, credulous foole! He that shall trust at need
Such nice and tottring cockscornes, shall thus speed.
Should his sicke father send him for some drugges,
Hee would turne backe at such imagin'd bugges.

Enter Benjamin, Sager, Wife, Anne.

Ben. Come, mother, friend, and wife; take these back places,
Where you may heare vnscene: that when time serues,
I may produce you. Works and houres are spent
Then well, when we doe good, or ill preuent.

Wif. I cannot iudge, what is this dayes successe.
All-ruling powers the doubtfull sequele bleffe:

*Enter Curfew with other assistants, Vaster in a Priests habit,
Valentine like a Physician, the Taylor with Gripe,
Bromley, Griffin, &c.*

Curf. My Lord, whose place I personate, being sicke,
Hath thus design'd mee, both to heare and censure
The criminall causes, which offend the peace
Of our dread Soueraigne, and his subiects weale.
Whiles we launce Vicers, we the body heale.
The charge I giue in short, you of the Iury,
Looke to your Oath and conscience: let not fauour
Shut vp your eyes, nor malice open them
Too wide. You vnderstand, our lawes are good.
Tis pitie that they should be writ in blood.
But since conuience at vnlawfull deeds
Giues but encouragement, and wee cannot strike
With sword of Iustice the deseruing faults,
Except you giue the persons to our hands:

All on your vigilant information stands.
Proceede to the Inditements.

Grip. We are all cast away. Sir *Bare* is not come.

Enter Abbot with guide.

Ab. Pull downe that counterfeit, proud, arrogant, puffed :
Could your intrusion not content it selfe
T'usurpe my office, but you must abuse
The Kings deputed Iudge ?

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

Abb. Iaylor, receiue him to your custodie,
Till our iust censure giue him punishment.
Foxe, I shall hunt you out.

Curf. Do't with a poxe.
The goose sometimes must sit and iudge the Fox.

Abb. Proceed; the day hastens.

Clark. *Marian Sorrow* widow, yeeld thy body, and saue thy
baile.

Ben. Sir, shee is dead : her felonie is answerd
Before a higher Court.

Clarke. That is the woman that *Gripe* is suspected to haue
poyson'd. *Godfrey Gripe* stand to the Barre. You are indi-
ted for the murther of *Marian Sorrow* widdow : guilty or not ?

Grip. Not guilty, my Lord : let all the world testifie of my
honest carriage. I haue liued all my dayes in good name and
fame.

Abb. Stand not vpon your credit and good deeds.
Your haruest would be small, if like your seeds.
If all that know thee stood about this place,
And had free liberty to speake their thoughts,
Round ecchoing curses would amaze thy soule,
And with hells damned crue thy name enroule.
But when the Widdow, Orphane call for plagues
On thy blacke life, thou hy'st vnto thy bagges ;

There

There dost applaud and hugge thy wretched selfe :
As solace 'gainst all woes lay in thy pelfe.
Thou hast no god but gold : that Deitie
Thou shouldst adore, and would still succour thee,
Is quite reiected. And that Idol, money,
Which beares away thy confidence and heart,
When thou art plagued, aggravates thy smart.
Thou art the Devils Executioner.
His rankest plague on earth's an Vsurer.
Spirits in hell whip soules : extorting slaues
Torment poore bodies so before their graues.
Thou art a gulfe, poore mens estates to drinke.
A quagmire; none passe ore thee, but they sinke.
Vnlesse *Strepfades*-like, men could deuise
To plucke the Moone by Sorcerie from the skies;
Thy moneth and gaine will come. Like some at sea,
(Yet dangerlesse of shipwracke more then they)
Thou sleepest in a base lethargicke swoone.
Let others toyle, thy iourney's done as soone.

Ben. Will not this moue him?

Abb. Nature in all inferiour things hath set
A pitch or terme; when they no more shall get
Increase and off-spring. Vnrepayred houses
Fall to decay: old Cattell cease to breed.
And sappelesse trees deny more fruite or seed.
The earth would hart-lesse and infertile be,
If it should neuer haue a Iubile.
Only the Vsurers money genders still:
The longer, lustier: Age this doth not kill.
He liues to see his moneys moneys money,
Euen to a hundred generations reach.
He, whiles his interest money in do's trouble,
Cares not to lose the principall, his Soule.
He like a cleanly Alchymist can soke
And draw much siluer, yet waste none in smoke.
Thou lendst, like water powr'd on sea-cole fire,
Or on a lode of Lime a shewre of rayne,

It seemes to coole heate, but doth more enflame.

Ben. His conscience has deafe eares.

Abb. When all is done,
And thou hast swel'd thy heapes; to say no more,
Thy coffer's onely rich, and thou art poore.

This common plague is on all Vsurers showne :

Th'haue much, yet are not masters of their owne.

One day thy stintlesse mind shall haue enough;

When the diuided peeces of thy selfe

Shall in their seuerall doomed mansions dwell :

Enough of mould in graue, of fire in hell.

But I spend breath in vaine; come, let's proceed.

Gripe. No further: You haue made my conscience bleed:
I heere confesse my selfe guilty of all,
Euen of this murder too.

Abbot. Let mercie fall on thy distressed soule. Now to the
rest.

Clark, Nicholas Bromley, you are indited for the murder of
William Sager, &c. Guilty or not?

Brom. Not guilty? Who testifies against me!

Ab. In case of Murder should we neuer iudge
By circumstanciall likelihoods and presumptions,
No life could be secure.

Enter Nice.

Nic. Puffe! shift for your selues; Sir *Bare* Notwithstanding
dares not be seene.

Brom. O, I am lost.

My Lord, I'm guilty: so is *Griffin* too:

He did conceale the fact, that I did doe,

We shar'd the Lands together.

Abbot. Powerfull truth!

Murder will out, though by the Actors mouth.

Gripe. O *Beniamin*, I haue yndone

My life, my state, my credite, and my Sonne.

But

But I'm resolu'd to dye, to monarchs must:
Rich men as well as poore, must turne to dust.

Ben. Me thinkes I could preuent all this.

Gripe. Alas, thou lov'st me, but tis not possible.

Ben. Sir, I haue here a booke already drawne,
Seale to it freely, and Ile saue your life.

You shall confirme me your vndoubted heire,
And then surrender *Vasters* morgag'd lands.

Grip. Tis done.

Seales.

Ben. My Lord and all this bench be witnesse to it.
Then thus I quit you, widdow, appeare in Court.

In earnest, see, she liues, that dy'd in sport.

Wife. Sir, thanke your Drugster, else I had dy'd by you.
And you for me receiu'd a murderers due.

Grip. So, I am cousen'd finely, finely--

Val. My Lord, I challenge this widdow for cheating me of
300. pounds. This is one of her old trickes.

Abb. How's this?

Val. My Lord, my selfe and two intrusted friends
Came hither to pay money on a bond,
Whiles the receiuer did deferre his comming;
We gaue this coozening woman, being Hostice,
The whole summe to lay vp: and straightly charg'd her,
Not to deliuer't, but to vs all together.
She sayes one of vs three demanded it
Of her in haste, and ranne away: and thus
We lost our money, and the bond lies forfeit.

Ben. Your Lordships leaue. Tis true, she not denies,
But they so charg'd her, and she was so coozend.
Therefore she yeelds to paiment. Let 'hem come
All three together, they shall haue the money.

Grip. Vpon my faith, a prettie quillet.

Abb. Wittie and iust. How say you? heere produce
The other two, your satisfaction's ready.

Ben. The widdow's cleard: but master *Valentine*--
Nay, man, come neerer, you'd haue present pay.

Val. No, Sir, let it euen goe. *Ben.* So must not you.

K

You

You gaue 300. pound to her: tis true.

Which like a subtle Quackfaluier; you robd

My father of; Sprites, Fairies--- Val. I am cob'd.

Grip. It's true, my lord: this is one of the Fairies. Iustice,
Iustice.

Val. Well, if there be no remedie, I hope,
I shall not dance alone vpon the rope.

My lord, here's the other Fairie.

Abb. O Sir, haue I found you?

Pull off that borrowd habite from his backe.

O that such foule deeds should be hid in blacke.

Gripe. My Lord, this Widow's accessary too:
She plotted, she receiu'd. Iustice, iustice.

Ab. But late thy song was mercy, now all iustice?
Here's all the goodnes of an Vsurer.

She sau'd his life, he would now hang her.

Gripe. She has robb'd me, vndone me.

Val. It is most true, my lord, she plotted all.

Curf. (Your villanie, Office, we shall now retort.
You cheated vs, and we will hang you for t.

Ben. How doe these mischiefes grow, like *Hidra's* heads,
faster by cutting off! Vast. Prodigious villaines! will they
thus cast away an innocent woman?

Yet I most vile of all, that thus stand by,
And for my fault behold my poore wife dye.

Ben. My lord, vpon my soule this woman's cleare:
And only malice thus accuseth her.

Ab. Speake, woman, art thou guilty?

Wife. My lord, I begge a word with my Confessor,
Then I shall answere. Sir, a word in priuate. To Vaster.
Now Vaster, ope thy vnbeleeuing eyes:
Lo, thy deuoted wife for thy sinne dyes.

Yeeld but this kindnesse to my latest breath,
Thou hate'st me liuing; loue me yet in death.

Farewell--- My lord, I will not say, I'm guilty;
Do as your euidence and wisdome leads you.

Ab. This knot is hard to vndo. Vast. My lord, Ile help you.
Loe,

Loe, I am that third Fairy, that pronounce
This woman cleare, and those two periur'd knaues.
We three are guilty: let your sentence come.
I haue deseru'd, will not despaire my doome.

Wife. My lord, he sayes not true: hee's innocent: I guilty.

• *Ab.* Speake on your soules, which of these tongues speak
truth.

Val. Curf. My lord, the woman's cleare.

Ab. Pernicious Villaines, hopelesse to be good:
That thus haue stroue to spill the guiltlesse blood.
Widow, y'are quitted. Sir, waite you your doome.

Vast. With patience. *Benjamin Gripe*, I here accuse you for
murdering *Richard Vaster*. *Ab.* How?

Vast. My lord, I found that *Vaster* dying, bury'd him,
Saw him receiuing death by this mans sword.
Theft's a great sin, but murder most abhorr'd.

Ab. Speake; is this possible?

Ben. We met in single combate in the field:
It seemes his life vnto my sword did yeeld.

Ann. Ay me, my father slaine? *Rob.* And by his friend?
Fate, whither will thy proiects tend!

Ann. My husbands hand my fathers life vndoes:
For this fact he must dye: thus both I lose.

Ben. Forgiue me all, by me you all haue lost,
The wife a Husband, children a deare Parent:
Thus I returne you all some recompence.

Nan thou shalt lose a husband. *An.* Heauens defend.

Ben. Mother, you lose a son, brother a friend.

Wife. Can nature so degenerate, that a man
should liue, stand by, and see another suffer for murdering
him?

Vast. Once againe off disguise.
My lord, thus I preuent this fear'd disaster
My second case pull'd off, I am plaine *Vaster*.

Rob. My father? *Wife.* My deare husband.

Vast. Most, most deare friend.
My loue to you doth beyond bounds extend.

The Honest Lawyer.

My Lord, first to this honourable Bench,
I here present the Kings most gracious pardon
For vs three here : heauen no lesse pardon vs.
Now to my wife : see wench, I am new borne;
Renc'd from the plague of a suspected horne.
Blacke Iaundeys of the minde, thou fained spirit,
That haunts mens quiet thoughts with troubling shades.
Pernicious Ielousie, that like needlesse Physicke
Diuertest health to voluntary sicknesse,
I brush thee off like dust. See, I am now
New marry'd to my loue and to my life.
Neuer could man boast a more constant wife.
Deare *Beniamin*, now Sonne, what I haue left
Of all my shipwrack'd fortunes, shall be thine.

Ben. Resume your former state, my father yeelds it.

Vast. Thanks to your honestie, not his; yet thus,
Some meanes of satisfaction I haue found;
Ile pay him backe his lost three hundred pound:
The fairie money, which was iust the price
Of my redeemed lands.

Ben. Now master *Bromsley*,
That vniuersall mercie to our guilt,
May be afforded, and no blood be spilt:
Surrender vp your lease for the three liues
To *Sagers* wife and children, and Ile quit you.

Brom. I do most freely yeeld it. *Sag.* *Sager* liues,
And hartie thanks for your forc'd kindnesse giues.

Abb. Happy delusions! in such waies of ill,
I wish men may be thus mistaken still.

Nic. Rauens, and Sprites; and Fairies, and Hares and diuels-
Thus haue I lost my wench; lost my money, lost my watch,
lost my wits. I doe here renounce the faith of all Almanackes,
Physiogmoners, Palmists, Fortune-tellers. *Erra Pater* was an
Ass, and so are Prognosticators, his children, from generation
to generation.

Grip. I haue drunke powerfull physicke, and the Drop sic
Of

Of my (till now) nere quenched avarice,
Dries vp like dew at the ascending Sunne.
Vaster, take back your lands; and for the money,
Giue it my sonne in portion with your daughter.
Hencefoorth Ile study to requite the wrongs,
Which I haue done poore men by vsurie,
And vomit vp th'extortions, that doe lie
As vndigested crudities on my conscience.
My future life shall bee in mercie spent.
I'm *Gripe* no more; that name I doe repent.
Abb. All Chronicles be fill'd with this; and let it
Beas a wonder to all eares imparted.
England had once an *Vsurer* conuerted.

EPILOGVE.



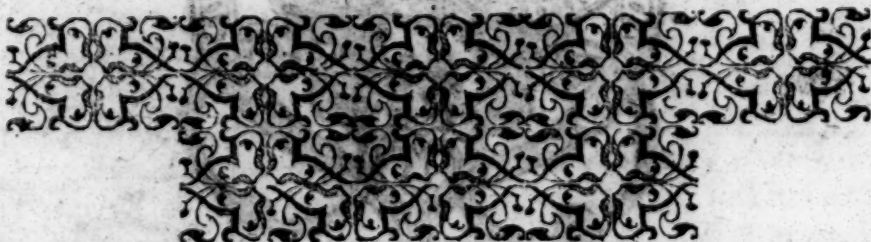


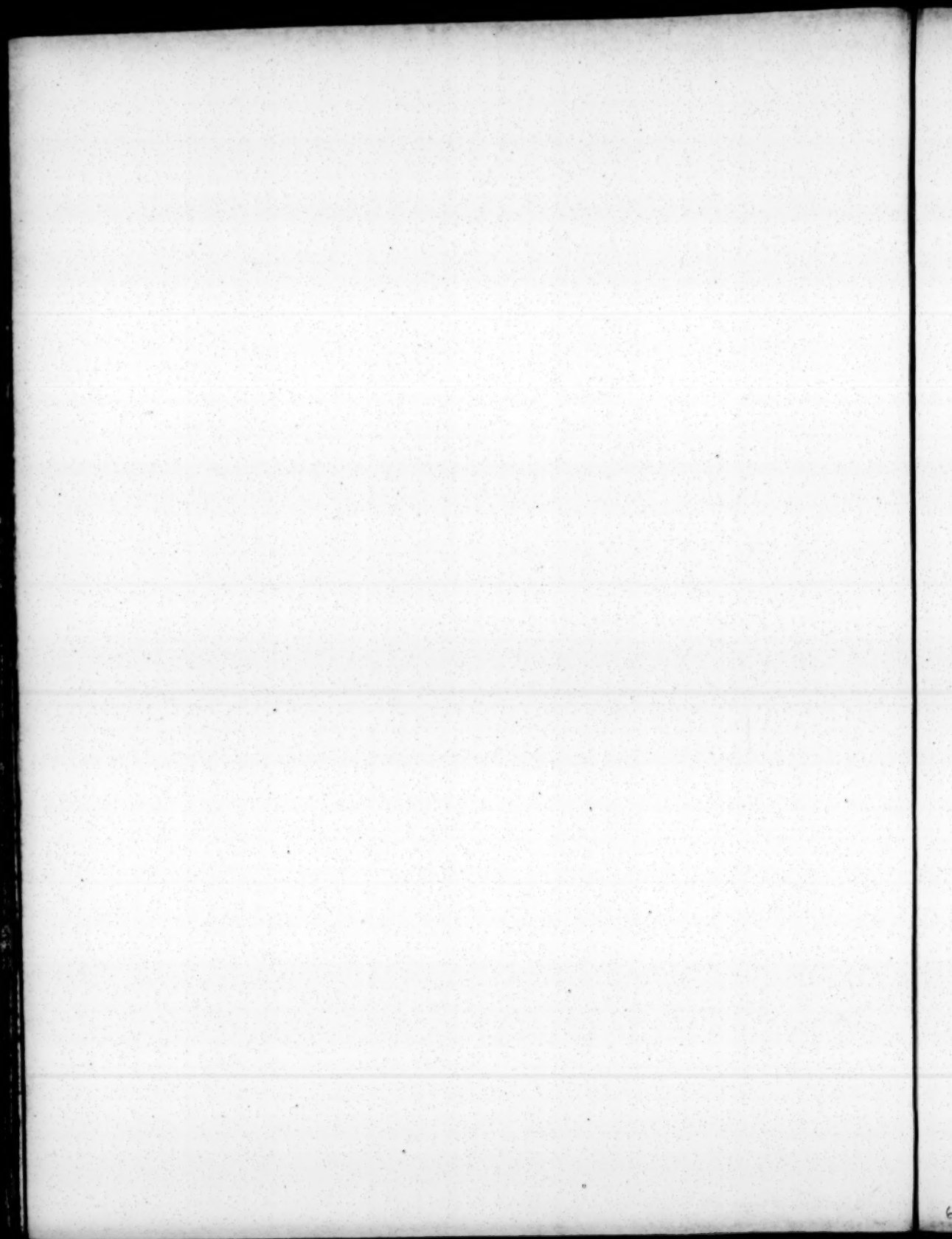
EPILOGVE.

Ben. **T**He Session now dissolues : each Iustice rises :
No hurt is done ; this is the milde Assises.
We haue scap'd faire thus farre : yet there remains
A stronger iudgement to passe on our paines.
Too much to hope or doubt we must not dare.
We humbly then stand at your censures barre.
If the worst comes that may be, yet I looke
For this grace, to be saued by my booke.
But if with your applause our merit stands :
Faith then be friends with vs, and giue's your hands.

EPILOGVE

FINIS.





Rev. 10 Nov 77. 0